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W. DICKES
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A BOOK
FOR
THE HOUSEHOLD.

Home Happiness.

Twenty-third Thousand.

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SOMETHING HOMELY.

WHOSE FAULT IS IT ?

HOW TO MAKE THE MOST OF THINGS.

NEVER DESPAIR !


HOUSEHOLD TROUBLES, AND HOW TO
MEET THEM.

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SOMETHING HOMELY.

“ARY, give that man a penny!” said John Smith to his wife, as an Italian organ-grinder came before the window, playing the sad, sweet air, “Home! sweet home!”

“Would you believe it,” continued John, as his wife came in again, “I like that tune better than the grandest one that can be played? It makes me think gladly of our own happy fire-side—our own dear little home. Not a penny will I give to beggars, but I do like to spare one sometimes for a tune.”

“Well, and I’m sure,” said Mary, “I got a shilling’s worth of pleasure in giving that man the penny. He could not speak a word of English; but he looked so pleased, it did one good to do him a kindness. That, now, I do call real and hard, to wander about, a stranger in a strange land, playing ‘Home! sweet home!’”

“Ah!” replied John, “haven’t we got reason to be thankful for our better lot? Get your sewing, and sit down, Mary; I want you to help me to think. Whilst the organ-man is tiring his arm over his homely tune, let us try to think over our many home blessings.”

Quiet little Mrs. Smith sat down, and began darning away at a stocking—not, however, at her usual nimble rate, for, as her grave subdued

look told, her mind was full of the thought John had called up. A sweet picture it was—that good little woman, in the neat pleasant room, with everything around, from puss lazily stretched on the rug to the baby asleep in the cradle, seeming suggestive of peace and kindliness, and comfort—while the evening sun-beams came lovingly in to give a gilt frame to the whole. I am not sure whether many grand gentlemen who paint pictures would have cared for such a scene. Indeed, I am almost afraid they would have turned quite contemptuously away, saying, Mary Smith was no beauty, and that the room was only a common front kitchen. I only know, Mary had the loving thoughtful look which tells of the beauty of holiness; I only know, that the neatness and order of the room told of orderly inmates and a peaceful home life; and I must still say, it *was* a sweet picture. At any rate, all seemed to the perfect satisfaction of John Smith, as he sat looking at that quiet downcast face.

“Mary,” he said, at length, “do you know what Thursday week is? Seven years ago come Thursday week we were married. It’s of seven years ago I’m thinking—of the old garret in Houndsditch—the few things we had there—the low wages—and that hard winter. When I think of them times, and that home, and then of this, I do feel thankful.” And John glanced round the neat snug room, and leaned back in his chair with a feeling of honest pride and satisfaction, such as can only be felt by a working-man who has got a comfortable home and fifty pounds in the bank by the sweat of his brow, as he had.

The quiet was interrupted by a knock at the door, and the entrance of Eben Williams, one of John's fellow-workmen, who, with his wife and two children, lodged in the upper part of the house.

"Evening, mate," said Williams; "may I come in a bit? I want a word with you—I think you can tell me a thing or two. I want your advice, that's a fact." He paused awkwardly, and a crimson flush passed over his face to the very roots of his hair as he went on. "Fact is, I'm real and miserable. The missus and I don't hit it; somehow or other, ever since we was spliced, things get worse and worse; what's a man to do? Instead of getting richer, we get poorer; instead of getting happier, we get more miserable. I don't know who's to blame; but it makes me right down savage often—just now, when that fellow set up a-playing 'Home, sweet home,' I felt ready to fling the bellows at his head."

"No, no; gently," said John. "But what can we do for you? I'm sure we'll do anything we can—eh, Mary?"

"That I'm sure we will."

"Well, mate, what we want, is your advice. My wife, just before I come down here, says to me, says she, 'How is it that the Smiths get on so well? He only earns the same as you, and yet see their place—it's better furnished, his children's always better dressed, and all of them seems richer by half than us.' 'Well, bothered if I know, says I. If I don't go down and ask Smith how he manages.' So, here I am; and perhaps while we has a chat, the missus'll go up

a bit and tell my wife how to turn a four-penny piece into a sixpence."

"Well," said Mary, "I don't know that I'm so good a housekeeper as to set up teaching other folks; but it's true, I'm older than your wife, neighbour, and I had a mother as was one in a thousand to teach me; so may-be I can tell Jane a thing or two." And after a look at the baby, and a strict charge to John to call her down if it woke, she went upstairs.

"Now, mate," said Williams, when the two men were alone, "tell me how it is you get on so much better than us—what's your secret?"

John looked grave, and was silent a minute. "Williams," he said at length, "you know I'm a man of few words, and I'm no preacher; but if you ask me, I must say the truth, and that is, I know of no reason of the difference between us but one. You remember when we were boys together in Brook Lane Sunday School—your life chances seemed as good as mine then—you remember the things the teacher, him with the pale face, used to tell us. Well, I've never forgotten them, and sure enough I've found them all true. Whatever of good or of happiness I have, comes of God's blessing on my poor strivings to know and serve Him. 'Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all things shall be added unto you.' I can't say all I would, but do think of this."

"Well, well," said Williams, "I knew you would tell me this; I don't mind a bit of a sermon, neither, from you. I know you means it kind. But somehow this don't seem to the point. I can't see that any quantity of psalm-

singing and prayer-meetings, and such like, can make a man's wages go further, or his home more comfortable."

"Now, Williams, you are only parrotting the infidel sayings you have picked up at the workshop, and you don't believe them all the while. You know as well as I do that religion is not mere 'psalm-singing,' as you lightly call it. You know it's honest manly obedience to God's laws; and doesn't He teach us to be kind, and thrifty, and industrious? And doesn't all that go to make a man's home comfortable? Because we are taught to pray for daily bread, you know it doesn't mean that the bread's going to be rained down from the skies upon us, without our ever working a stroke."

"Well, no—no, not exactly that," said Williams, feeling half-ashamed of his own former speech.

"Not *exactly* that! No; nor nothing like that. God helps those who help themselves. We are to work as though we did all, and trust in Him as though He did all. He has given us heads and hands, and expects us to use them. But I need not go on at you about industry; I'm sure you are as regular at work as I am, or anybody. You take every chance to earn an honest penny; it's seldom you lose a quarter, anybody knows. But keeping to work is not all, though that's a great thing. There are some folks who are always work, work, working, from morning to night, from week's end to week's end, and like a mill-horse, never get any further."

"Well, how do you account for it?" said Williams.

“Why, it’s as plain as the nose on your face; such folks don’t know how to take care of their earnings, or to spend them wisely. They are the sort the prophet tells of—they earn wages ‘to put them into a bag with holes.’”

“Ah!” interrupted Williams, bringing his clenched fist heavily on the table, “them words fits me. Why, mate, you might as well try to keep water in a sieve as money in my pocket”!

“Well,” said John, “you want a lesson in *saving*. Take this short one:—*Two-pence a day saved is £3 a year; every pot of beer costs two-pence*. Many’s the man without a penny or a home, who might have had a house of his own and money in the bank, but for too much beer.”

Williams was one of the so-called “good fellows,” to whom no amount of beer or public-house company comes amiss; and he felt John’s words keenly—more keenly than he chose to show. He merely laughed a forced laugh, and said,

“Mate, you would make a capital teetotal lecturer.”

John knew he had hit home; and he knew Williams’ peppery temper too well to hit twice on a tender place.

“Well, Williams,” he continued, leaving beer alone, there’s hundreds of other little daily expenses as might be saved—little things as make money dribble away, nobody knows how. Take my advice, and look out for these; set your wife an example of carefulness. If a man does not help his wife in her struggles to save, he deserves to have an empty pocket.”

"Ah," said Williams, "little things does run up, 'specially when one goes on tick, and remember all that is owing."

"Tick!" exclaimed John, "well, I can only say, them as go on tick deserve just what they get—always to feel the misery of debt, and to be cheated into the bargain. Trust my Mary for going pottering to the chandler's shop every time she wants a pinch of tea or a scrape of butter! Not she; she does all her marketing Saturday morning, and goes to that great grocer's shop in Holborn, where she buys a decent quantity at a time, pays ready money, and so gets things cheaper and better. As for debt, thank God, we don't know what it means: 'Owe no man anything;' that's what our Book says."

Williams sighed.

"Then," continued John, "there's a deal beside paying ready money for everything. One must learn to spend wisely."

"Well," interrupted Williams, "I never thought as it wanted much nouse to spend money. It may take a *man* to earn; but surely any fool can spend."

"Just so," said John, drily; "perhaps that gave rise to the proverb, 'Fools and their money are soon parted!' I know men who seem, as the children say, to be afraid their money will burn a hole in their pocket. No sooner have they got it than they go standing treat, and scattering it about like the lord mayor. They go buying things they don't want, just because they are 'bargains,' as they say. The end of these famous bargains is the pawn shop, where

they go, most likely, to buy the man a dinner before a month's end.

"Well, then, talking of taking care of money, let me tell you, I've found if a man means to get on, he must learn to take care of another thing quite as much. I should like to say one word to you about that."

"Go a-head, pray."

"Well, it's health I mean. Ever since I joined the evening classes I have been waked up more to learning things from books. My brains are none of the best; but still, I have picked up more than one good notion through these classes. About health, now—two winters ago, one of the great doctors from the West-end gave us six lectures about fresh air, food, and drink, washing, and such-like. He talked real good stuff, such as all of us understood—none of your crack-jaw. See that square of zinc with tiny holes in that window? Well, I put that up next day I heard the first lecture. That lets the fresh air in, lad, without draught enough to hurt a fly; that's for ventilation. Then, too, I bought half a butter firkin for a bath, and now I always have a good wash down every morning from top to toe, that takes off all the perspiration which chokes up the skin: nothing so good for the preservation of health."

Whereupon, having safely delivered himself of all these long words ending in *'ation*, John leaned back in his chair, put his thumbs in his waistcoat, and looked—must we write it?—a little conceited. Alas! that to no true tale-writer is it given to sketch perfect people! As the stern true sun, which photographs wrinkles and scars,

so must our pen be; we must confess that our friend John's newly-gained knowledge *had* made him just a little conceited. Poor man! he had worked hard for it in weariness and painfulness: we must forgive him. People are like that when they know a little, but get humble as they know more.

"Why, you will wash all the goodness out of you," said Williams, laughing.

"Ah, nay; there's little to wash. But, without laughing, Williams, I do believe some things I heard at them lectures have done a deal to keep me off the sick list. I never knew till then the harm it does a man to breathe hot, dirty air, or to go about day by day with his skin choked with dirt. Nothing, I do believe, so bad for health, as dirty air, and dirty clothes and skin, except it is"—and John paused thoughtfully—"dirt at one's heart."

"Well," said Williams, "I must say as you talks like a book; but it aint no ways clear to me but what there's a deal of gammon in this fuss about air, and washing, and such-like, as we hears so much on now-a-days. Anyways, you look well enough, though."

Truly, John *did* "look well." Just as that man looks to whom has been given the inward purity and peace which lead to all outward order and cleanliness, and comfort; just as he looks who earns his bread honestly, and eats it in temperance and thankfulness; just as he looks who sleeps the sleep of God's beloved—whose pillow is a good conscience, whose curtains are angels' wings. Just as such a one looks—and no other.

"Thank God, I am well," John replied; and

so far from the things as are said about health being gammon, I believe they are some of the truest things going. Why, ask my Mary, she will tell you; our second—our little Benny—him as lays under the daisies at Highgate”—the strong voice faltered and the big chest heaved—“well, he might have been here to-day, if she had known then what she knows now about health. Mary’s a good scholar—her head’s worth two of mine, any day—and she takes on to these notions about health wonderfully. The lady, at her mothers’ meeting, has given her some little books about them; and so we have learnt many a good thing.”

“Ah, Smith, guess your wife is the secret of half of your gettings on,” said Williams.

So profoundly was John convinced of that fact, that he hardly knew how to talk about it, so, after the manner of men thus impressed, he rarely spoke of it at all. Instead of saying soft, pretty things, he got up on cold mornings, and *did* them, in the way he went on to explain to Williams.

“Well,” he said, “I aint the man to be ashamed of owning how much I owe to my wife; everybody knows she’s a woman of a thousand. Then, of course, I try to help her a bit to keep things so straight and comfortable. She would work to skin and bone, she would, if I would let her. But, you see, I get up of mornings and help her a bit—light the fire, and do a turn or two about the house.”

“Nonsense, man, *do* you?” said Williams.

“I should think I do, and *ought*. Why, there’s a deal we like done to the children before they

go to school, and then that youngster," pointing to the sleeping baby, "he knows how to give trouble. The children are all too young to do for themselves, and my giving a little help to Mary in the morning is no great plague, while it forwards her a deal, and adds no end to our comfort."

"Whatever time do you turn out, then?" asked Williams.

"Six, this time of year. We always get up early, else all gets wrong of a morning: get up early, and there's time for everything. While Mary gets breakfast, I trim myself a bit, and we all sit down comfortably together. Our fare's plain enough—you know what my wages are—yet, I dare say few men get more comfort. Mary knows how to make a little go a great way, she does. When I go home at night, I always know there will be a nice bit of fire and supper ready for me, and the little ones all eager for the first kiss. You should see them flattening their noses against the window, looking out for me, and cutting about when I come in, one setting my chair, one bringing my dry shoes. Then we have a bit of supper, and when the children are put to bed, there's a spare hour or so. This I pass different ways. Mondays and Tuesdays, generally at home, reading, and talking to my wife, as you found us to-night. Wednesdays, we both go to the week-evening service. Thursdays and Fridays, I go to the classes or lectures at the Working Man's Association, in Essex Street. Saturdays, I find plenty to do getting ready for Sunday. That's how my evenings go."

"Well, and see how this evening's *gone!*"

said Williams, "I must be moving. My head's pretty nigh full of what you have been saying, and I do believe there's a great deal in it all. Leastways, I will think it over, and see if I can't square my life a little, and get a little comfort."

"Do, but remember what I said, 'Seek *first*'—you know, good night."

And Williams went up-stairs to his own room, and John turned to look at his sleeping child. He stood looking at the sweet little face for some minutes, and then knelt quietly by the cradle. Happy was he, finding in his own fatherly love so sweet a pledge and symbol of the love of *his* Father, that he sank unconsciously to his knees in prayerful thankfulness. "Our Father."—Two children—which was happier, or more at rest?

We will follow Mary Smith up-stairs to Mrs. Williams' room. It is not often Mary's shadow darkens that door, near as it is to her own. Like some other whimsical people we have known, she has a strange fancy for fresh, pure air. Mary is not strong, and she feels faint and queer when she gets into a room like this, where the window is never opened, where the air is hot and close—a sort of essence of dirt, tobacco, red herring, and washing-day—where everything is mess and muddle and confusion. She is a clean body, and to breathe dirty air, out of other people's lungs, is to her mind about the most disgusting thing she can think of; depend upon it, she never does it from choice, but now duty calls her. Perhaps if Mrs. Williams had been told that Mary or anybody else considered her or her rooms untidy, she would not have

replied very amiably. "Sure, now, and how could anybody be always in apple-pie order, with only two rooms? Sure, now, was not she always on the run from morning to night—was not she always slave, slave, slave, worry, worry, worry? Sure, now, didn't she always have a regular cleaning up every week, as well as anybody?" so she would have replied. So far true; but, poor soul, she little knew or thought that half her work went for nothing, through want of order and method and forethought: she little knew how much her head might have saved her heels. She little knew that the boasted weekly "cleaning up," was really but a weekly stew and mess, and turning house-out-of-windows, which only made "confusion worse confounded." Yet, judge her not hastily; how could she know better? How could she, the daughter of a careless, slovenly mother, who died while her children were young—she who had married at seventeen, in the giddiness of youth—know better? Another thing, too, I knew of poor Jane Williams—spite of all that was wrong and thriftless and disorderly in her, there was much that was noble and beautiful. Under that soiled untidy dress, lay a true woman's heart, full of love and tenderness; under that tawdry flaunting cap, throbbed a brain ever busy with confused thoughts and hopes for the good of others. No mother loved her children more—seldom as she washed their faces; no wife loved her husband better—sadly though she neglected his buttons and dinners. More, she was frank, humble, and confiding. We always liked her, and felt sure that whenever she obeyed the voice of the Great Spirit of Wisdom and Order,

she would make a very noble and loveable woman. Judge her not hastily.

Let us look at her now. She hears Mary Smith's footstep on the stairs, and begins trying to put the room to rights. See, she snatches up a dirty comb from the table, and pops it under her chair-cushion. She takes a heap of children's clothes, dirty and clean, and shoves them into the cupboard, to the butter and sugar. "Get up," she says to Johnny—little Johnny, so quiet in the corner. Was ever a little man of two years so silent, unless in mischief? No, surely. Johnny arises, frightful to behold; grim with the coal dust with which he has been adorning himself these ten minutes—legs, hands, face, all in a state of chimney-sweep. If a child gets into mischief through the mother's carelessness, who shall be punished, she or the child? The child, Mrs. Williams thinks; and Johnny is slapped accordingly, and sets up an exceeding great "boo-hoo."

"Come in, Mrs. Smith," she said, as Mary's gentle rap was heard amidst the storm. "Now, was ever a woman so tried? These children worries the flesh off one's bones! See this boy, what he's been and done! Clean frock this morning—clean socks an hour ago—now look at him! But pray sit down."

"Yes," said Mary very quietly; "children *will* get at the coals. I always keep mine out of the way."

"Oh," replied Mrs. Williams, "keep one thing out of his way, he gets in mischief with another; never was such children as mine! I'm sure I don't know how you manage yours; sure

we hardly hears a sound of a child in the house."

"Well," said Mary, they're out pretty much, but they are as good as most. Johnny, he's a bit of a Turk; but my husband helps to keep him under."

"Ah, now, that's the way," replied Mrs. Williams; "why, there's Eben, I'm sure he does nothing but spoil, pet, and coddle the children one minute, and swear at them the next; then he goes on at me because they are unruly. Men's so unreasonable. Ever since we have been here, he's always nagging about you and Smith. He says Smith's wages are no more nor his, and yet you manages twenty times as well. And, dear me, I begins to see as there's more in managing than I ever thought! Why, poor mother, she worked at a factory, week's end to week's end, and how could she teach us anything like managing? It's only a wonder as I have rubbed on as I have. And Eben says to me, says he, "Now, why don't you try to neighbour more with Mary Smith? Try and see how she manages, and take a leaf out of her book;" and so he asked you up to-night."

"Well, Jane," said Mary, "it's little cause I have to talk of my managing, or to think much of myself for it."

"No, you are no ways stuck up, I always says; and that's why I never minds asking you things, as I do some folks. Now, tell me anything as it strikes you I might do to better things, and to get these rooms a little comfortable."

"Well, if you ask me, I will tell you one thing as seems to me to stand much in the way

of your comfort, that is, want of what poor dear mother used to call method. ‘Polly,’ she would say to me, often and often, ‘never set about your work in a helter-skelter, hurry-scurry way; method lightens labour;’ and sure enough, I have found it true. The Bible says, ‘Do all things decently and in order;’ and I know there’s nothing like it.”

“Well,” said Mrs. Williams, “I know I always works as well as ever I can. I always puts my heart into what I do, and I’m sure I am always at it.”

“That I’m sure of,” replied Mary; “but still, to get through work anything like, wants one’s head as well as heart. Seems to me you are always doing, but seldom thinking; seems to me you don’t plan, and forecast, and arrange work enough; and I know without that one’s always in a mess—always doing, and never done.”

“Well, may be; I never thought much of that; yet I don’t see clear how to do better. How should one plan things?”

“Poor dear mother used to say—just as if I hear her now—‘Polly,’ she used to say, ‘plan your work as the parson divides his sermon. Think, in the first place—WHAT IS THE WORK TO BE DONE? Second—HOW TO DO IT? Third—WHERE ARE THE THINGS TO DO IT WITH? And that’s how I plan my work up to this very day.”

“*Dear me!*” said Mrs. Williams, “I have got but a poor head-piece; I could not think any plan out.”

“Oh, that you could,” replied Mary, cheerily. “Just let us try now together to think out your work—to think out the cleaning of these rooms

that way. First—WHAT IS TO BE DONE? Well, I should think the ceiling wants whitewashing, the walls of the bed-room want fresh colouring, and the wall paper here wants a rubbing.”

“Oh, bother all that; let the landlord do it!” said Mrs. Williams.

“But you know he will not do it again yet for a very long time. It’s two years since he did our place; and when we asked him to do it again last spring, he would not. We must either leave the place, bear with the dirty walls and ceilings, or clean them ourselves. Of the three evils, we chose the least—did the job ourselves; and it’s well worth the trouble. Then, I should think the doors, window-frames, and wainscots want washing, the grates blacking, floors scouring, windows cleaning, furniture rubbing, brass, tin, and iron-ware brightening.”

“Well, yes,” said Mrs. Williams, turning red in the face, and looking at her feet, “I can’t say but just now the things aint quite nice. You see, Johnny, he’s had the hooping-cough, and I have lost my rest; and I have been obliged—”

“Oh,” said Mary, kindly, “you know I am not finding fault; we were only going through our plan. Well, second—HOW IS THE WORK TO BE DONE? According to the text, we must do it ‘decently, and in order.’ I should say, take care that every place is not in confusion at the same time. Clean one room at once, so that the other may be dry and nice for the children to be in. Do the bed-room first, so that the floor may have time to get quite dry before night-fall. Damp floors are very dangerous, especially in

bed-rooms: my sister, Martha, was down with rheumatics last year, through no other thing. Above everything, pray don't have a mess when Eben comes home. It's shameful how some women drive their husbands to the public house, as one may say, by having the place all dirt and litter and confusion, when a man comes home, dead beat and tired, of an evening, wanting a little comfort. Such women have small right to complain of drunken husbands, seems to me. Then, before the ceilings are whitewashed and bed-room walls coloured, the furniture of one room must be put into the other, or covered with old newspapers. That done, the dirty whitewash should be thoroughly washed from the ceilings, and the dirty colouring from the walls. When the ceiling and walls are dried, the whitewash and colouring should be laid on with a clean whitewash brush. To do them well, two coats of the whitewash and colouring would be wanted; but the first ought to get quite dry before the second is put on. There's nothing like often white-washing and colouring ceilings and walls, to keep away the bugs, and other vermin."

"Then, I am sure," said Mrs. Williams, "our rooms ought to be done, for them creatures teases us above a little: I suppose they can't be helped in London."

"Oh, but they can, though!" replied Mary. "When we first took the rooms down-stairs, we found these horrid things in the walls; but now there is not so much as one. I was always on the look-out for them, night and day. I caught and killed all I saw, and then I rubbed chloride of lime, mixed with water to the thickness of

cream, into every crack and cranny in the walls and boards. Then John exchanged our old wooden bedsteads for iron ones ; iron's so much colder and harder than wood, that vermin is not nearly so likely to harbour in it. I took away all the bed-curtains and valances, too ; they only harbour dust, and keep the bedding from getting freshened by the air. Then, of course, for a while, I kept every place extra clean, and in about five weeks we had no more trouble. It's dirt that breeds these horrid creatures, and if one's place is not clean and sweet, none of the poisons that are sold can keep it free."

"Well, I will try your plan," replied Mrs. Williams.

"To clean the papering on these walls," continued Mary, "I should first brush them down with a clean broom, and wipe them gently with a clean dry cloth, to get off the loose dirt, and then rub them with the crumb of a stale half-quartern loaf cut in halves. This will get off a very great deal of the dirt."

"Then for the paint, how do you clean that?" asked Mrs. Williams.

"With warm water and soap and flannel."

"Do you use any soda?"

"Sometimes, if the water's hard, but it is not well to put much, or it eats off the paint."

"These floors will give you a good deal of trouble. That great patch of grease there must have fuller's earth put on it over-night. The rest of the floor I should scour with warm water, soap, and a little sharp sand. The windows want a good clean with whiting ; and the furniture wants washing with lukewarm water, a little

soap, and a soft cloth. Then, when it's dry, I should rub it with a little boiled linseed oil, on a bit of flannel, and polish with a dry cloth, and plenty of what dear mother used to call 'essence of elbows.' "

"Ah, well," said Mrs. Williams, baring one of her large arms, "I can give plenty of that, at any rate."

"Now," continued Mary, "according to dear mother's plan, we come to ask, third,—WHERE ARE THE THINGS TO DO THE WORK?"

"Ah, *where* are they indeed?" replied Mrs. Williams. "I shall have to borrow most of them."

"Oh no!" said Mary cheerily, "we shall not want so much as you expect; and it's a waste of time, and a bad plan every way, to run about borrowing little things that are often wanted, or that spoil much in using. I think you might ask the landlord, though, to lend you a whitewash brush; sure he will do that, though he would not send us a man to whitewash when we wanted."

"I dare say Eben will try to do it," replied Mrs. Williams.

"Oh, yes! only tell him to stroke the brush always in one direction, and to lay the colouring on even."

"What shall I do for a step-ladder?"

"Well, that's a thing we manage without: John puts a box on the table, and stands on it. We shall have to buy lime and sharp sand; they can be got at the builder's yard round the corner. Then the copperas, whiting, black lead, linseed oil, and soda, I generally get at the druggist's. That's all we shall want to buy; so that will not

be ruination. Let's see, lime 1d., sharp sand $\frac{1}{2}$ d., copperas $\frac{1}{2}$ d., whiting 2d., black lead 1d., linseed oil 1d., and soda $\frac{1}{2}$ d.

"Why, then, sixpence will buy all!" said Mrs. Williams, half surprised to find that the materials for a thorough cleaning could be got so cheaply. "Well, now, to-morrow the children's going to see their grandmother. I've a good mind to begin a bit of a clearing-up then, and I would finish on Friday."

"Pray don't spoil a good mind then," replied Mary, smiling. "I would let Jane run out for the lime and other things, ready to begin early in the morning, if I were you, and may-be, I will run up and help a bit. Perhaps, let her go at once; going late to shop is so cruel to the shopmen; I try never to do it."

Jane was then sent off, and Mary continued the chat.

"As we are together so quiet to-night, I should like to say one or two more things," said she, "especially this—if you clean the bed-room to-morrow, and this room, Friday, and get all once nice and straight, you had better try to get into a regular plan of work—HAVE A PROPER TIME FOR EVERYTHING, AND DO EVERYTHING AT ITS PROPER TIME, that's my rule."

"Well, now," replied Mrs. Williams, "I'm beat! There's so many little things to be done in a house where there's young children, I can't see how anybody can fix a time for everything."

"It's true," replied Mary, "every fid-fad can't have a time fixed for it; but if you think a little about it, you will find most things can. Oh! and it saves a world of worry."

"Well, please tell us how you plans your work, and I will try if I can't take a leaf out of your book. I have often wondered how you gets through things so easy."

"I will. Just consider, now, that every week-day, in a general way, we get up at six, have breakfast at eight, dinner at one, tea at six, and go to bed at ten. All this causes certain work that should be done every day, and other work that should be done once a week."

"Will you tell me, then, about the every-day work?"

"Well, the first thing I do in the morning is to get *myself* thoroughly ready for the day's work. I always get a good wash from head to foot first thing. Our doctor told me to do it when I was so poorly three summers ago, and I find it such a comfort, I have never given it up. If I came down as some women do, all unwashed, heavy and sleepy, I could not half do my duty: it's like a workman beginning work with a blunt tool. When I am dressed, I open our bed-room window wide, strip the bed-clothes all off our bed, spread them over two chairs, and leave them for the fresh morning air to blow on them awhile. I then go down and get the fire alight, and the kitchen swept up. Then, I go and get the two children up and ready for school—baby generally sleeps till after breakfast—they too have a good wash all over. Then we get breakfast by eight."

"But goodness, Mrs. Smith," interrupted Mrs. Williams, "however can you find time for all that slopping and messing before eight o'clock!"

Mary smiled. "It's a great mistake," she said, "to think washing children all over, means

keeping them standing about ever so long, till they are cold and blue and shivering; that does harm. But if a child's sponged every day, and has a thorough wash in warm water on Saturday, so that it does not ever get very dirty, it can be washed in a very few minutes, and the quicker it's done the better.

"After breakfast is over and the things washed up, I dress baby, and then go up-stairs to make the beds and put the bed-rooms straight. The beds and bedding have got well aired and sweetened by this time, and I am very careful to turn everything, mattresses and all, every day, to keep all nice and sweet. Through that, as I told you, we are now quite clear of all those horrid little visitors.

"Then, if I have any little marketing to do, I do it, and give baby a breath of out-door air same time. I next see about dinner. However little we may have, I always make it a rule to set the dinner table as neatly as I can, on a clean cloth, just as if I expected company. Sure, have I not got company that I care a deal for? I should not like the two children to get into piggish, untidy ways at meals; sure I should not like to get into them myself.

"Dinner over, I busy myself washing up dishes, saucepans, and things. I am very careful not to pour any bits of cabbage and such like, down the sink, else there is great danger of stopping up the trap, and getting all sorts of horrid smells from the drain."

Mrs. Williams started. It just occurred to her that a "horrid smell" in her own kitchen, which she had attributed to a "dead rat," might

perhaps be blamed to certain live rats with two legs.

“Well,” continued Mary, after cleaning up my kitchen, I go up and tidy myself; and then I’m free for needlework, or any extra weekly work, till tea-time; and when tea is over, and the children put to bed, I’m free again till bed-time. In this way I generally get about an hour and a half in the morning, three hours in the afternoon, and two hours in the evening, for extra weekly work.”

“Well,” exclaimed Mrs. Williams, earnestly, “I do declare it does anybody good to hear you talk; you seems to arrange everything beautiful, like clock-work! Pray tell me now about this ‘extra weekly work,’ as you call it.”

“To begin, then,” replied Mary, “with Sunday—there’s a deal I should like to say about that, which I can’t now; however, we do very little work then, just enough for decency and order, that’s all.

“On *Monday* I look up the dirty clothes, put them in soak ready for washing the next day, and lay the copper fire, and see that I have soap, soda, blue, and all ready. I never leave clothes more than a week; if they are left longer, the dirt’s harder to come out; and besides, they get such a heap, they stand no chance of getting well done.

“*Tuesdays* are my washing days. I light the copper fire before breakfast, but I don’t begin washing till after my husband and the children are gone. John takes his dinner to the workshop, so I see no more of him till tea-time,

when all's done, and so he's never vexed with the steam and smell of suds."

"How is it you gets through so soon?" asked Mrs. Williams; "do you use any of them washing powders?"

"No, never. They only rot the clothes, and as to washing things without rubbing, it's nonsense—they can't be sweet and wholesome ditched up that way. No; there's no way yet—whatever there may be one day—like plenty of soap and rubbing, and a good lot of water; and if one begins washing in good time, and works with a will, there's no need for any of your slovenly make-shiftly powders.

"*On Wednesdays*, I iron and air the clothes, and do all I can in the way of mending, especially little places, and putting on strings and buttons. All I have not time to mend then, I put into a basket, to do in evenings or odd times. I always try hard to mend all up by the week's end, or I should never manage at all. A rag-bag, for holding bits of calico, cloth, and such like, is very tidy, and comes in useful on mending-day. Holes in stockings I never mend."

Mrs. Williams opened her eyes in wonder.

"No," said Mary, smiling, "never, because I never *let them get into holes*. I always darn all the thin places. It is a good plan to run the heels of new stockings, and to fell a bit of tape flat on the seam of the heels.

"*On Thursdays*, I give an extra cleaning to the bed-rooms. I always take care to move and sweep behind boxes and everything in the rooms. I try now never to put any boxes or lumber under the beds. If one makes a sort of lumber cup-

board there, as some do, the fresh air can't blow freely to sweeten the under-side of the mattresses; and one's very likely to leave that part of the room unswept, till it's a regular dust-hole. Besides, to keep a parcel of old shoes, dirty clothes, and such like there, taints the air of the room."

"But," said Mrs. Williams, "our room's so small and lumbered up, I'm obliged to put things under the bed."

"Well," said Mary, "at any rate keep no more than can be helped there, and only such as can be easily moved, so as not to interfere with sweeping. I generally scour the bed-rooms well every Thursday; but as damp floors are so dangerous, if it's a very wet, muggy day, when they don't dry well, I only wipe them lightly over with a clean cloth, just wetted in cold water, to sweeten them a bit. On Thursday, too, I clean the windows, and make a stock of brown bread enough for the week.

"On *Friday*, I clean the kitchen and passage.

"On *Saturday*, I scour the shelves and floor of the wash-house, and give an extra rub to the tins, candlesticks, and such like. Then I always give the children an extra good wash, in warm water, and clean their hair, for the every-day wash in cold water is not quite enough—children in London get such grubs. In the evening, I do all I can to save work on Sunday—clean shoes, lay out clean clothes, and so on. You know now my plan of work, but it is not so easy to explain all the comfort it gives—how much worry it saves."

At this moment, Mrs. Williams' attention was

diverted to Johnny, who, with an earnestness which made him extend his little tongue far out of his mouth, was, in imagination, sawing off the chair-back, with the comb he had pulled from its hiding-place under the chair cushion. "See, now," she exclaimed, snatching the comb from his hand, "what that child's been and done! Six teeth broke out!—naughty boy!"

"It is vexing," said Mary; "but, do you know, it just gives me a text to finish up my sermon on order. A comb's to do hair, and not for a child to play with; and one great rule for order is, HAVE A CERTAIN USE FOR EVERY THING, AND KEEP EVERY THING TO ITS USE. If everybody acted on that, there would be a great deal of mischief and breakage saved. If Ann Webb had used her kettle only to boil water in, and not for her children to drink from, her Bobby would not have got so dreadfully scalded; so with Johnny and the comb, and a hundred other things."

"Well," said Mrs. Williams, "that's true enough; and that just reminds me if I had kept this fork to its right use, I should not have broke it this morning, getting out a cork. But children's always getting hold of what they have no business to; that comb, now, I did not give him, he furriged it out his-self."

"Perhaps," rejoined Mary, "it was not in its proper place, though; and that brings me to another rule—HAVE A PLACE FOR EVERY THING, AND KEEP EVERY THING IN ITS PLACE. Now you are going to make a clearance, try to find a suitable place for every piece of furniture and everything about you. Try to carry out this

rule even in the smallest matters. Sort out and arrange all the things in every box and drawer, so that you may always know where to lay your hand on what you want. This saves no end of time, trouble, and vexation. I have known many a man get put out because his wife could not find a bit of string, or paper, or a button, when wanted."

"Yes, that's true," said Mrs. Williams; "there was Eben only yesterday vowed he would go to work without his dinner, because I could not find clean paper to wrap it in. I keeps a little cloth on purpose for him, but I could not find it till he had gone off swearing. Men's such fidgets."

"Well, yes," replied Mary; "but really there is, in a small way, few things so teasing as to have to hunt up and down for things wanted in a hurry. In this, as in many other things, home peace and comfort depend very much on trifles. There are many more little matters I should like to say a word or two about, but we will talk them over another time. Whenever I can be of use to you, do step down-stairs to me: living in the same house, we ought surely to try to help one another."

"Thank you kindly; I'm sure you *can* help me a deal. It seems to cheer me even to know I have got such a friend in the house."

"Ah!" said Mary, gravely, "talking of a friend brings me almost to what I have been paving the way for, and trying to say, the whole evening; but it's never easy for me to say all I feel about that. I mean that this talk of cleaning and clearing up will be quite vain, after all,

without something higher and better. One can't be really orderly and clean and comfortable in outside things, till one gets purity and peace and comfort within, in one's heart and mind. You want a better Friend than me, Jane, to help you;" and Mary's eyes filled with tears, as she thought of Him, the Loving One, who had watched over that heart through all its life-long wanderings. "But we can't talk more to-night, it's striking nine. Come in, Jane, and have a cup of tea on Sunday. I can't go out in the evening because of baby, and so we can have a long chat."

"Thank you, kindly; I will." So, with a cordial "good-night," they parted.

Our "homely" sketch draws to an end: we have but little space, and, alas! little power to tell the rest. We cannot well explain all that passed after tea that Sunday. When Mary, in her own sweet simple way, told Jane of the Heavenly Father, who in loving severity had made her life of disobedience a disordered and suffering one, that she might learn obedience through the things she suffered—when she told of the Saviour Friend Jane needed—when she told of the in-dwelling Spirit of purity and love, from whom all outward purity and order come—how Jane listened and wept and believed it all, as she never had before—how she felt that Father to be a Father indeed—how that Friend was very nigh—how that Blessed Spirit overshadowed all, and comforted and refreshed the inmates of that homely little room. Nay, none could tell, for

none could hear all that passed that night—save One who hears and answers prayer, though it goes forth but in sobs and groanings that cannot be uttered.

Our dull gross mind can better understand what came of that evening's talk. Plainly from that time forward Jane Williams gradually found power to bring order and peace and comfort within, into her own heart and mind, and without, into the daily work and daily trials of her home. Then, after long months of anxious waiting, she had the joy of seeing her husband too turn to the same path of peace, and the same loving Saviour.


Slowly, but surely, the good seed sown in the two minds sprang up and grew; and from the leaves came blossoms, and from the blossoms came sweet fruits—love, joy, peace, order, and all the pleasant things which flourish in that garden of the Lord—A CHRISTIAN HOME.



WHOSE FAULT IS IT?

OR,

HOW TO MAKE A HAPPY HOME.

HE kitchen clock was striking six as Susan Young opened the shutters one summer morning, threw up the window, and leaned out to enjoy the scent of the flowers. The yard was not much larger than the kitchen, but the children worked and played in it, and made it cheerful—"Bless their little hearts!" as Susan said to herself.

She turned to begin her work by lighting the fire. The sun shone in, and the bright tins caught the light. The kitchen was all in order; and as soon as the sticks began crackling, and the kettle was put on, and the place dusted, she was ready to go to the parlour.

Susan was servant to Mr. Wilson, a clerk in one of the factories of the busy, smoky city of Manchester. But the house was airy, though it was in Manchester, because Mr. Wilson's maxim was "Health is wealth;" so he chose to live

an airy part of the town, though he paid higher rent than if he had lived in a worse situation, and had to walk a long way to and from his work besides. "What then!" said he, "if I am tired at night I sleep the sounder; and I see my wife and children come to breakfast with healthy faces. As to the rent, we will save in other things. If we were to spend sixpence a day on beer, that would be more than nine pounds a year. We will do without. This pleasant little home, and a thankful heart to the Giver of every blessing, is worth all the beer twice over. We have good water here; tea is getting cheaper, and my wife makes capital coffee. What more do we want?"

He kept his resolution; and as he was blessed with a good wife, he had a healthy, happy home. It was small and frugal, for his salary was but small, but it was not the less happy for that. Susan had lived in this family for five years.

"There's missis gone in to the children," thinks she to herself, as she goes to the parlor door. "Half-past six by that." And as she opens the window and sweeps and dusts the neat little room, merry voices are heard above; splash goes one child after another into the cold water, and little feet are running over the floors. Then they come trooping down with shining morning faces and clean pinafores, Willie and Johnny, and Lucy, the eldest, who

leads down little Emmy. Emmy is Susan's favourite, because she has a sister Emma whom she loves dearly. They must all have a kiss from Susie, and then they bustle out to their garden. Their father has been up and busy over his books since six; he enjoys his evenings with his family, but he is always early at work. The parlour is fresh and bright with wide open window, and breakfast laid when he comes down at half-past seven, and the whole family collects to morning prayers. They are seated to breakfast at eight; the children with their bread and milk, their father and mother with their coffee, and Susan with hers in her nice kitchen.

Mr. Wilson is off to the factory directly, and the mother and children go out soon, for she has to market this morning. Then Susan clears up breakfast and goes to the bed-rooms. They look rather empty and they are very cheaply furnished, but everything is so clean, it is a pleasure to look at them. The walls are painted cream color; the ceilings are spotless whitewash; the floors as spotless as the ceilings. The bedsteads are of iron and without curtains or vallances; and the nice clean bedding is thrown open to catch the air from the wide open windows. The wash-stands, chairs and chests of drawers are all painted white; the crockery is white. This had all cost very little, but it was all that was wanted, and there was not a speck of dust to be seen,

nor was anything left standing that ought to be carried down, nor any pitcher left unfilled with fresh water, when Susan left the rooms after making the beds, and went down to her kitchen ready to take the orders for dinner.

This was the regular way in which the work went on, and Susan had time for needlework in the afternoon; but to-day the regular way was going to be disturbed, as you shall hear.

About twelve, when the children were at lessons with their mother, she sent Susan out on a message. It should not have taken above a quarter of an hour, but one o'clock came, and it grew near two, and still she had not returned. Such a thing had never happened before. Mrs. Wilson had to cook and lay the cloth, and was anxious besides, lest Susan should have met with some accident; but when Mr. Wilson came home at two, she was behind him. Her eyes looked red and she seemed flurried; but she only said, "I am very sorry, ma'am, to have been so long," and made haste to the kitchen. She was not like herself at dinner, and an hour afterwards when Mrs. Wilson went to the kitchen, she was sitting at the table with her face hid in her hands.

"Susan, what is the matter?" asked her mistress; "You deserve that I should trust you, and I believe that you can explain the reason of all this; but you ought also to trust me. Who was that young man that my husband saw

walking with you, and why do you seem so unhappy? I would gladly help you if I could."

"Oh, you are very kind, ma'am," said Susan, starting up; I never thought to see that young man again, and the sight of him brought back so many thoughts of my own home, long ago."

"Is he a relation then?"

"No, ma'am; no. But he was a neighbour's son, and we are of the same age, and we went to school together, and told all our troubles to one another; and when he was 'prenticed to a saddler in our village, it was just the same. Not a day but we saw each other, and my little pet, my sister Emma, was his pet too. She was six years younger than me, and everybody said she was the beauty of the village, and so she grew up. Well, ma'am, when she was eighteen, and he was in good work, she came home from a long visit to grandfather. Every evening John Turner came to see me then. We were to be married in a month."

"My poor Susan!" said Mrs. Wilson.

"I saw how it was to be the very first evening. John had no eyes nor ears for any but her. I told him soon that I would not hold him to his promise to me. Better lose all when the heart is gone!"

"But could Emma love him after this?"

"She was young and thoughtless; but it was worst of all to me that she made light of it, and

besides I never could see that she cared for him. She liked to walk with him and laugh with him, but if he tried to say anything serious to her she would turn it off; and it was soon over, for a few weeks afterwards a young London workman came down and fell in love with her and she with him. He was handsome and pleasant, but I could but wonder she should like him better than John Turner. Now came out John's passion. He accused the other of robbing him of the girl he loved and that loved him, for so he believed she did, and 'I hold you answerable to me that would have cherished her as long as I lived, for her happiness,' he said. His lips trembled and his face was pale as he spoke the words, and he went out without bidding any of us good-bye. He left his trade and his country and sailed for Australia, and I have never heard tidings of him since, till this very day."

"No wonder you forgot everything but this! How did he fare in Australia?"

"He is well off, and had plenty there; but he took a longing to come home, so he came. He wanted me to give him Emma's direction, but I refused at first, and then it came out afterwards. He declared that he does not care for her now, but he wanted to see her once more. He has never married another, he said."

"Is Emma happy in her marriage?"

"I hope she is, ma'am, and believe it too,

but I have not seen her for six years. The last time was on her wedding-day. I can see her now in her light gown, looking a real beauty, so every one said. It was a merry day, but I could not help thinking of him who was alone on the seas. They went to London, and Joseph Spearman, that's her husband's name, has always been in work, and they took nice lodgings, so I heard from her. But troubles came upon me fast after the wedding. Father and mother died both within the year. When I was left alone, I made up my mind to go to service, and came to you, ma'am."

"But you will see John Turner again?"

"If you please, ma'am, he will call next week. I think I will write to Emma. I remember her last letter to me was written seven months ago, after her baby was born. He was her fourth child. I thought she seemed low-like, and I would like to hear of her again."

Three or four days after this, Susan got a letter in answer to the one she had written, not from Emma herself, but from a neighbour, saying, that Mrs. Spearman was very ill, no one thought she would live, and they did say her husband ill-used her. He had got into bad ways and drank, and they had moved into one room in a court in Clerkenwell. The baby was dead, and all the children sickly. Mrs. Spearman did not want her sister to know, but it was right she

should, and so the direction of her room in Clerkenwell was sent.

“I must go to her!” was the cry of Susan’s heart. “My poor, pretty little sister! Her husband ill-uses her! Would he dare to lay a hand on her? I cannot rest till I see her!”

Mrs. Wilson thought that it was indeed Susan’s duty to go to her poor sister; but she hoped things were not so very bad, and that she should soon get her good servant back again. The next morning, it was a Saturday, Susan was ready to set out for London. Her master paid her wages up to the day, and she had money in the Savings’ Bank, if she wanted more. The children cried, and begged her to come back as soon as she had made her sister and the poor little girls and boy well, and her tears blinded her eyes as she turned from the door.

It was afternoon when she got to London, and walked away from the Euston Station towards Clerkenwell, carrying her little bundle. She had to ask her way several times, but at last got to the street out of which the court turned, and then a woman in a coal and potatoe shed shewed her the court.

Her clean cotton gown and new straw bonnet don’t look much fit for that place! thought the woman to herself.

The court was narrow, and had a nasty gutter down the middle of it; the air was close and

bad; numbers of ragged children were playing about the doors. Susan asked for No. 10, and a boy pointed to it. She went in, and mounted the dirty, creaking stairs. Three-pair front was Emma's room.

Susan stood outside the door, and felt afraid to open it. What should she see when she did? What could she expect in such a place as this?

As she stood, she heard a child begin to cry within, and then a harsh grating sound of a woman's voice called out, "Hold your tongue, or I'll give you the stick!"

That was not Emma's voice. Her voice was sweet and bell-like. She must have come to the wrong door, and must knock and ask. She knocked, and the same harsh voice said, "Who's there? Come, in if you want to come!"

She opened the door. A sickening smell and the darkness of the room confused her at first. Then she saw a little boy seated crying on a floor, black with coal dust and dirt; a girl younger than he standing by him; and very little else in the room besides a small bed against the wall, on which lay a woman, with a little child in her arms.

A woman! with hollow cheeks and large startled eyes, and a tattered black cap hardly blacker than the blanket that covered her. A woman! Susan stood by the door, and as she

stood, began to tremble from head to foot, and had not strength to move. But the woman dropped her child on the bed, opened wide her arms, and gave a faint shriek, and the next instant they were clasped in a long, long embrace.

“Susan! my own sister Susan!”

“Emma! my darling! my pretty, dear sister! why did you let it come to this? Why did you not send for me?”

They might ask questions, but neither could answer. Nothing came but tears and sobs. Susan roused up first. She must not give way. She must try to help. She called the frightened children to her, and they soon came and clung to her when they had looked in her kind face. Then she took the wailing little one in her arms and soon quieted it. “Poor little Polly,” she said, “you do look ill! and this is Susie by me here, and this is Tommy. What were you crying for, Tommy? I know your name, you see.”

“I want my tea,” sobbed Tommy.

“Then you can’t have it yet,” said his mother. “I have no strength to get it. You must wait till Mrs. Larkins comes. She’s a kind neighbour, Susan, that comes in to help me when she comes home from work. I don’t know what I should have done without her.”

“I will get tea,” said Susan; “I brought you

some nice tea and sugar from Mrs. Wilson. Where's the wood to light a bit of fire?"

Susan had tucked up her gown, and was down on her knees clearing the grate in a minute. She found some sticks and matches. There was a mountain of cinders under the grate, and some coals were flung down in a corner of the room. The fire was soon alight. She shovelled up the ashes, and put them in the box where the coals should have been, but she looked round in vain for a brush. Then she took up the kettle to fill it, but there was no clean water in the room, and pitcher, basin, pan, everything was full of dirty water.

Emma lay with her eyes shut, and tears slowly trickling down her cheeks. She could not bear Susan to see her misery. It seemed worse than suffering alone. Susan would not trouble her with questions; so believing she should find water in the yard, she ran down with the kettle and the brimming pitcher, and soon returned with both full of clean water. The kettle was soon on the fire; then she looked round for the tea-things. Tommy had sense to see what she wanted, and shewed her a little cupboard by the fire, where she found some cups, mugs, and other articles, but everything was dirty.

She did not stop to think, but catching up the brown pan, carried it down to empty and cleanse it, and then used it to wash up all she wanted;

drying the things with a clean towel from her bundle, and talking all the while cheerfully to Tommy and Susie, who tried to help by holding things for her or setting things down. She had dusted the table, and now set the tea-things on it and made the tea; then she put on her bonnet to go out, at which both the children began to cry.

“I am coming back, dears,” she said; “don’t cry, aunt Susan is only going for the milk and bread and butter.”

Emma opened her eyes and looked wistfully after her; and a smile really did light up her pale face when, in a short while, Susan came back with all she went for. She put the things down and went to the bed to take the thin hand that was held to her; and “Let me wash your dear face with some of this cool water,” she said. “There! it refreshes you. Now the hands. Now I have brushed your hair a bit, and you must put on a clean cap; I have one to spare. Oh, you look ever so much better.”

But Susan could say no more; a choking came in her throat, for now the face looked like the Emma of long ago, only shrunk and faded. She hurried to the table; the two children were already seated on one chair, looking at the loaf. She supplied each with a good slice of bread and butter, and gave them a mug of sweet weak tea between them; then took a cup of tea and slice of toast to their poor mother, feeding the little sickly Polly herself, meanwhile, with a spoon.

“How nice it is!” said Emma, “I have not liked anything so much for many a day. You have made it all look so comfortable!”

Comfortable! Susan looked round the wretched room, and thought poor Emma must indeed be used to misery if she could think there was comfort here. She was herself suffering so much from the close air that she could not taste the food, though Emma pressed her. She had tried to open the window from the top, but could not; and when she put it up from the bottom it fell again, for the pulley was broken; but not before she had found out that things had been thrown from the room on to the ledge of the roof, that made it worse to open the window than leave it shut, for such a bad smell came in.

The children grew sleepy after tea, and Susan helped them to creep in at the bottom of the bed. This was their place. They lay between the dirty blankets, for there were no sheets; and all she had to do for them was to take off their ragged frocks. She thought of her Manchester children, and how they were washed all over with soap and water every night before their clean little nightgowns were put on.

“Poor little souls!” she said to herself. “Poor little neglected things! No wonder their skins are full of sores, and their limbs so thin. God help me to do something for them; and He is sending sweet sleep down upon them now.”

She sat down by Emma, and they remained silent for some time, with their hands clasped together. Susan spoke first.

“What complaint have you, Emma? Have you any doctor?”

“Not now I haven’t; I had Dr. Cockle, that has the large doctor’s shop near. He said I had a decline. But his physic was so dear, and I don’t think it did me good.”

“Do you always keep your bed?”

“Oh no, I keep about. I had but just laid down when you came. My back ached so.”

“Why don’t you go to a dispensary?”

“Jo would not let me. He would have me have a paid doctor.”

“Where is Jo?”

“At work. He’ll be home by and bye.”

“Then he is in work! What wages has he?”

“From twenty to twenty-four shillings a week.”

“Ah, then it was true that I heard. You ought to be kept in comfort and plenty with such wages; and he ill-treats you too!”

“Him! who told you lies like that?”

Susan hid her face. A black bruise on her sister’s arm had that very moment struck her eyes.

“You can’t deceive me, Emma. Oh, to think how we were brought up, and the comfort in our little cottage, and five of us all with schooling,

and never wanting for decent clothes and food, and father with but his twelve or fifteen shillings a week!"

"Oh my home, my dear home! Mother! father!" cried Emma, bursting into tears. "It's the drink that's been our ruin. It's at the public house all the money goes. To pay the half-crown for this room something has to go every week. The bed must go next; and then when all's gone we must go down to the kitchen. They tell me the woman's dying that's there now. It's damp, and has a horrid smell, and a grating over the window, for it's underground. Please God to take me before I have to go down there!"

"He's a villain that has brought you to this."

"No, no! he's good when he's not in drink; and he's a good workman—none better. But the workshop's close and hot, and he wants comfort when he comes away, and there's none here for him."

Susan's conscience smote her. It was not the way to help Emma, to make her hate her husband. It was a blessing she could love him still.

"There is no comfort here, Emma," she said, "let me help you to make it better. Let us try to make your husband like his home."

Emma fell back on her pillow. "It's no use to strive," she said. "What can I do? dragging up all the water and carrying all down. It's no

use. I'm too ill. I've no heart since I lost my poor baby, and the children are always dragging at me, and Tommy's always fretting."

"No wonder in such a place. They are all ill. I will make it quite another thing."

"I have been thinking for you where you can sleep," said Emma, who did not like to hear Susan seem to say she had not done her best. "There's only one bed here; and then, you must not lose your place for me."

Susan said she should not lose it by staying a little while, and she knew she must find a lodging.

"Now you had best go down to the two-pair back," said Emma, "and ask Mrs. Larkins to let you half her bed. You will like her room. Only say I sent you."

Susan went, not expecting to like it very much, and was never more surprised than when Mrs. Larkins opened her door; for it was a little palace of comfort, and she and Mrs. Larkins made friends in a minute. The room was very small, but the window was bright and wide open, and a canary was singing in his cage, hung against the shutter. There was a bed, with checked curtains and a patchwork quilt; a table, and some good chairs against the wall; bright tins and plates on the mantel-piece and on shelves; also a picture of the Princess Royal, another of H.M.S. "Thunderer," also a black

likeness of a young man. Before the fireplace was a square of carpet, and on it a little round table, where Mrs. Larkins was having her tea. All was as clean as it could be, and its mistress as tidy as a woman can be after a hard day's work.

"Sit ye down," said she, after the bargain for a week's lodging had been made. "You say the poor soul upstairs wants nothing more, and you're tired to death; and she put a dust more tea into her brown teapot, blew up the hot cinders, made the kettle boil, brought out some fresh water-cresses, and prepared to give Susan her tea; and indeed Susan was very tired, and enjoyed it much. They talked a great deal about Emma.

"She will never be better as long as they have but one room for them all, and it so close," said Susan. "If she kept it like yours it would be different; but with his wages she ought to have better lodgings."

"Let me tell you, my dear," said Mrs. Larkins, "that wages is of no account if a man goes to the public house; and that unless a woman finds a husband as don't, and that's not one in twenty, she's better without him. Now I make, may-be, five shillings a week, more or less."

"Five shillings! and they have twenty-four!"

"That's it. What I make, I make; and what I spend, I spend on what I want. I should like

more, it may be, at a time, but I do pretty well. My old man—that's his picture you see there—was sober enough, as times went ; he seldom drank at all, so he left all these things and more behind him ; some I gave to my son, and some I sold. We had six children, and I lost him, poor fellow, at thirty-five."

"You were happy with him then?"

"Yes, yes, I got a fright once or twice that he was going to take to the public-house, but I 'ticed him off it. I kept my place as tidy and cheerful as ever I could always. Then I would say to him, "John," says I, "don't you think if we could save a bit o' money, to buy some more plates to fill the shelf," says I, "or a looking-glass for you to shave by. Then the best of all was a fellow-workman persuaded him to go to a place of worship on a Sunday ; it was a nice pleasant walk there, and the children went to Sunday school ; and they got that bible there on the shelf, by paying every week what we could spare ; and he liked us all to look neat and tidy on Sunday, so he never wanted to spend his money away after that. His own home was pleasanter than the gin-shop, I took care o' that."

"Ah, yes!" said Susan, "that's the way if only Emma could do it. But she's so ill!"

"She's not so bad, if it wasn't for fretting, and if she would go to the dispensary, they'd do her good. That's Spearman's folly about a paid

doctor. There's the best of doctors and medicines for nothing at the dispensary; and as to pay, they don't make *us* pay; but I go to work sometimes at one of the doctor's houses, and cook told me he gets a golden sovereign and a shilling from rich people."

"I will try and persuade her," said Susan, rising to go back to Emma. "But it's not the doctor she wants, Mrs. Larkins; it's fresh air, and wholesome food, and a happy heart." Mrs. Larkins sighed and shook her head, as if to say she thought it a hopeless case, and Susan went sadly up-stairs. She found Emma sitting at the table, wearily leaning her head on her hand. She was listening for her husband; he had promised to come early, she said, because she was so poorly, but Saturday was always the worst night with him.

Eight o'clock came, then nine, and Emma began to cry and moan and complain of Jo, and at last said she was so ill, that she must have some drops from the doctor's. Would Susan light the candle first, not to leave her in the dark, and go for the drops?

Susan went, and as she turned out of the court, almost ran against a man who was reeling into it. There was not light enough to see his face, but a dread came over her that it was Joseph Spearman. She was kept waiting so long in the shop, that twenty minutes had passed

before she got back. As she ran up to the door, she heard a scream, then loud voices of men and a heavy fall. She burst in. Emma was clinging to a chair. Two men were struggling on the floor. The undermost was Jo, the other had his clenched fist ready to strike a heavy blow. Susan clung to the uplifted arm with all her strength, and held it back. The man turned round, and their faces met. It was John Turner !

“Spare him ! don’t harm him !” shrieked Emma. “He’s good to me, when he’s not in drink. Look at me, Jo ! Are you hurt ?”

John rose, but dragged the other up with him, and held him fast by the collar. The wretched man was sobered by the shock, and stared in horror at the two strangers. He remembered their faces. They seemed to him like two ministers of wrath come to punish him. John shook him in his rage, and said dreadful words to him that cannot be written, and then called him a coward that would strike a woman.

Jo held out his trembling hands towards his wife, and she seized them, kissed them, and tried to comfort him. He was shuddering from head to foot. John released him, and he staggered against the wall.

Susan touched John’s arm. “Best leave them alone,” she said, “she will do him more good than we can.”

John followed her out, but stopped again

outside the door. "He was to be answerable to me," he said, "and see what he has brought her to. She is living in a pig-stye, and he must beat her besides. I heard her cry as I got to this door, and rushed in upon him."

"Remember, he was not himself; he was drunk."

"Where's the excuse of that? It makes a man mad to think how the working men of England make sots of themselves, and keep themselves down by drink to be the poor slaves they are."

"Don't slander your brothers. They are not all like him."

Susan turned to leave him as she spoke, but he begged her to let him call on her again, to which she agreed before they parted; and she went down, thankful to lay her head on the pillow by the kind old Mrs. Larkins.

Never had she passed such a wretched Sunday as she awoke to next morning. Jo lay fevered and bruised in body and soul, with racking pain in his head and shame in his heart. Emma nursed him, but was herself half dead. Susan took care of the children, and waited on them all. She borrowed a little food of kind Mrs. Larkins, for she could not bear to break the Sabbath, as her poor sister had got the habit of doing by going to market on Sunday morning, and neither Jo nor Emma were in a state to enjoy a Sunday dinner. Then she tried to teach the

poor children a little hymn and told them the story of Joseph, but they were strange words to the poor neglected little things, who did not know what a "happy Sunday" was.

Susan went to bed weary and hopeless, but when she went up to Emma in the morning, she was surprised to find that Jo was gone to work, and Emma in better spirits, because he had promised faithfully to come straight home.

"We must do our parts, then," said Susan."

"Why, what can we do?" said Emma. "He says he'll come home, and if he don't, we can do nothing to bring him. Hold your tongue, Tommy! What did you wake up for? There will be no peace now, for he'll fret for an hour, and I want to go to sleep again."

"When children fret, it's because they are in some pain or misery, poor little souls!" answered Susan. "They have merry little hearts, and would be laughing and shouting and running about at play all day, if they were but easy and let alone. Get up and come to aunty, Tommy! Oh, Emma! if you could but see my Manchester children! We don't hear a cry sometimes from morning to night."

"Ah! it's well for them with all their comforts. Stop crying, Tommy, or I'll give you the stick!"

Tommy clambered out of the wretched hole he was in, and came crying to Susan. She took him on her lap, and asked him if it would not

be a pity to wake up little sick Polly, and keep poor mother awake too. And he began to wipe his eyes with his sleeve, and try to sob more softly. Susan felt that he was burning hot, and saw that he was in a fever with the bites of vermin. Coaxing and playing with him all the time, she managed to get off his rags, and to wash him all over with soap and water. It was sad to see in what a state his skin was, and she could scarcely bear to put on his dirty clothes again; but he had no others, though "he shall have," thought Susan to herself, "please God to spare me, before many mornings are past."

He was, however, very much refreshed, and a bit of bread that had been left last night, and an apple and a ball, given to Susan for him by Willie, when she was coming away the day before, made him so happy, that he sat down in a corner, and began to talk to himself, and sing in a low tone, now and then, as he played with the ball, and took a bite by turns. Emma had been asleep, but she looked out at him in wonder.

"Well, you *have* a way with children, Susan," she said; "but you always had. I'm sure I can't manage them, and I don't like to beat them, but sometimes I am forced."

"Beating does no good," said Susan. "It only gives them another pain to fret about, poor souls, and they've enough without."

“Take some, mammy!” cried Tommy, running to his mother, and holding his apple to her mouth.

Emma burst out crying. “He’s a good little fellow, Susan,” she said. “They are all good children, but what’s to become of them? They must go to the work-house when I’m dead, for I’ve no hope of Jo. Oh, my poor children! I wish we were all dead, and laid in our graves.”

“It’s no use to say things like that,” said Susan; “and if you go on so, you need not have any hope for Jo. Look what a place you’re in. He’ll never stop in it. I don’t know who would that could keep out of it. I’m going to clean it up, that’s what I’m going to do;” and without waiting for objections, she set to work so hard that Emma could not be idle. Mrs. Larkins lent pail, scrubbing brush and broom. Susan bought soap and the other things. The window was soon bright, thrown wide open, for the horrid dirt on the ledge had been sent running down the spout by a mop and many a pail of soapy water, and the window had been forced down from the top a bit, and Emma promised to keep it so day and night as Mrs. Wilson did. The grate was cleared; dust, cobwebs, and dirt swept off ceiling, walls, and floor; bedstead, floor, table, and chairs, scrubbed; the sheets taken out of pawn with some of poor Susan’s money; the bed made, and Emma

dressed in Susan's clean gown before six o'clock. Then they put supper ready on the table near the window; bread and cheese and radishes, a pint of beer and Jo's pipe. Susan sighed as she put the beer down, for she would fain have spent the money on wholesome bread for the children, but she must not expect too much of Jo all at once. They were all ready for father now.

And father came as he had promised, and was so surprised when he opened the door that it took his breath away. When he could speak, he held out his hand to Susan, and said, "Sister-in-law, God bless you!" He could say no more, but there were many thoughts in his mind as he sat smoking his pipe.

All the week they worked hard. They washed all the clothes and the blankets, and Susan made little nightgowns and mended and made other clothes for the children, and made their poor little skins thoroughly clean in hot soap and water. Their heads cost most trouble, full as they were of vermin; but she used sulphur ointment to them, and taught Emma to make a wash of strong vinegar, called pyroligneous acid, which she got cheap at the chemist's, mixed with water,* and to rub it into the skin under the hair to keep it safe; and she bought little

* A wash made of a teaspoonful of pyroligneous acid in a teacupful of water will keep the skin of the head free from scurf. The acid should be bought of the ordinary strength.

brushes for them, and made Emma promise to rinse them out in soda and water often, and in plain water afterwards, that they might always be clean. It costs some trouble to do all this, but not so much as hearing poor children crying and fretting all day.

They were ready for Jo in wonderful order when Saturday evening came, and well did he reward them. He came straight home and laid his whole week's money before Emma, only short by his daily dinner. She sobbed in her joy, and placed the children in his arms and told them to thank father for her. Susan stood by with glistening eyes, and they overflowed when Emma threw her arms round her, and said, "It's all your doing, my sister."

"She shall tell us how to lay out the money," said Jo. "'There's the rent, and food, and we're behind at the grocer's and baker's I know; but if there's some to spare"—

"Trust that there will," said Susan, "and get your Sunday coat out of pawn this very night." He did so, and then took his children, in whom he could now take pleasure, a walk towards the country.

The Sunday morning was a different one to the last. Susan took out her Bible, and laid a number of "The British Workman" upon the table, which drew Jo's attention. Then they got into talk, and at last Jo said he had made up his mind to give up beer altogether.

Susan and Emma were so filled with joy to hear this, that they could hardly speak. Then he talked of the Sunday school he went to when he was a boy, and thoughts of his soul and another world came to his mind. "Well," said Emma, "I hope we shall go to heaven when we die; we must do the best we can." "There is one way, then, for us all," said Susan, "through Jesus Christ; if we feel that we are sinners, and can do nothing to save ourselves, but ask for His mercy and an interest in His death, He will not refuse any of us, for He came to seek and to save them that are lost." That Sunday evening Jo went with Susan to a place of worship, and the hymns and prayers there offered, went to his heart.

Susan spent the greater part of several days trying to find two nice rooms; but everywhere she was disappointed. Either there was close air, or bad water, or a smell of drains, or no conveniences for getting rid of dust and slops. She saw in her search sad scenes of sorrow and sickness, and others of patient industry that did the best that could be done. Dirt and drunkenness always went together. There might be a clean hard-working woman that could not keep her husband from gin, but never did she find a slattern who could.

At last when she was almost in despair, John Turner took her to one of those large blocks of building, called Model Lodging Houses, where

there happened to be a set of two rooms to let. Here she found all she wanted, and took them at once. There was a private door, a little lobby or passage, a scullery with sinks and water laid on, a kitchen, and the range with boiler and oven, a bed-room and every convenience; and the windows looked over a large gravelled square, where numbers of children were at play. True, the rooms cost four and sixpence a week, and were rather far off for Jo; but he had said he would stand this. More than a hundred families lived in this building, all equally well provided with comforts.

It had come to the last week of Susan's visit. She had promised Mrs. Wilson to go back to her place by the night train on Saturday, so she should see Emma in her new home before she left her; for the old room was to be given up on Saturday. She brought about a meeting between John Turner and her brother-in-law, and saw them reconciled. It seemed to her, when she saw them shake hands cordially, that her work was nearly done, and she might go back happily; but yet she felt sad as she thought of it.

She often wondered, too, what John's parting words meant, for he had said, "Spearman, I will not hear of paying back, till a whole year has passed." This was explained, however, while she was scrubbing and polishing up the new

rooms on Saturday morning, when some nice new things arrived to furnish them. John had lent Spearman the money, and she was not afraid of the payment. He would do it easily if he kept his resolution.

How Susan rejoiced over the new bedstead and mattress, and the little bed for the children. That was the best of all! How proudly she placed the table in the middle of the kitchen, and set the chairs round the wall, and filled the shelves with plates, cups and saucers, and jugs, and put the kettle and saucepan, the frying-pan and gridiron, in their places.

“They may sell off all their old things, and only bring in the blankets and sheets and their clothes. Emma has got them all clean and tidy, poor girl, now,” thought she. “Where shall we put them?” As the thought rose, in came a man with a pretty chest of drawers and looking-glass. Now it was complete.

She got supper ready, and then waited impatiently for them. They came at last. Emma, with her pale face, carrying her sick child, Tommy holding by her gown, and Jo, with Susie on one arm, and a bundle on the other. Emma could not believe it was true. This beautiful place could not be her home. She sank trembling into a chair. Susan had her arms around her to welcome her, and bid her good-bye, for her time was come.

“She shall have her beautiful colour back by this time next year,” said Jo, as he shook Susan’s hand warmly, and took an affectionate leave of her, “and the children shall be healthy and happy. Only come back to see us, and God bless you and reward you !”

Emma had some parting words to say too. They were, “His home shall be kept as mother kept ours. Come again and see it.”

Susan was kissing the children one after another, and could not stop her tears ; and as she shut the door, and ran down stairs, she heard Tommy’s voice crying to her to come back. At the outer door of the building, she found John Turner waiting to see her to the train. They walked on in silence for some time, till Susan said,—“I thank you heartily, John, for what you have done.”

“A man that has been such a fool in life as I have,” he replied, after a silence of some minutes, “has little right to hope ; but perhaps some day, Susan”—

But Susan had turned away, and he had not courage to say more. Still, she did not forbid him to go down to Manchester to see her again ; so, as he said, “Perhaps some day”—. Let the sentence be finished as each reader thinks best.

HOW TO MAKE THE MOST OF THINGS.

ROGER MIDDLETON was the son of poor country people, who could not afford to send him to school after he was old enough to work on the farm on which his father had been a labourer for the greater part of his life. But his mother was a good scholar, and to her chiefly was Roger indebted for what education he possessed. He could read with tolerable ease, and he could write a little, but the rough work of a farm rather spoils a man's hands for writing; and besides, he had not practice enough to make it come easy to him. Roger's parents were an honest, hard-working couple; they taught their children to fear God rather than man; and explained to them, that whoever told lies did not fear God, for that "lying lips are an abomination to the Lord;" and then the mother would take down her Bible, and open it at the Book of Proverbs, and show this to her children, and make them repeat it till they could say it by heart. And another time, perhaps, just as they were going to bed, she would teach them another short lesson from the same holy book.

So Roger grew up a steady, trusty fellow, and in due time became carter on the same farm on which his father still worked. Roger had put a few shillings into the Savings' Bank when he was a big boy; and since he had become a man, he had, from time to time, added a little out of his wages, which during the three years he had been a carter, varied from eleven to twelve shillings a week. "I've got over ten pounds in the bank," said Roger Middleton to himself, one evening, as he was going home to his father's cottage, "and I've regular wages and good health, thank God for it; and I'm turned five and twenty, so I don't see why I should not marry and have a home of my own before next Christmas."

This is what Roger said to himself, but what do you think it was that put such strange thoughts into his mind? It was Susan Green, the clean-looking, modest girl, who had been cook and dairy-maid for the last two years at the Squire's house. Roger had not seen much of this girl, for she did not put herself in the way of the men about the farm. The last cook did; she too was very pretty, and dressed very smart on Sundays; and if she had occasion to go into the yard where any of the farm-men were at work, she was sure to draw their attention by singing pretty loud, or by pretending to laugh heartily at something; or if that would not do, she would pick up a bit of stick and throw at some of them, in hopes that they would run after her. But all these silly tricks did not catch the good-looking steady carter, for "Surely

in vain the net is spread in the sight of any bird." So Lucy, the pretty, smart, but impudent-looking girl, went to try the same tricks in some other place, and Susan was now cook in her stead.

Susan had been used to hard work ever since she could remember; she was the eldest of a large family, and when she was not more than six years old, she had to nurse the baby, sweep the kitchen, wash the plates, take her father's dinner into the field at hay-time and harvest-time, and go on all manner of errands for her mother. When she was older she stood at the wash-tub, hung out the linen to dry, ironed it and mended it, as her mother taught her, patched her father's coat and trowsers, and her mother's gowns, or darned the stockings till there was hardly a bit of anything but darns to be seen.

One evening after Susan had been hard at work making bread for the week, and baking it; cleaning the floors, scrubbing the tables, and washing the windows; she sat down to sew with her mother, who had just finished making a shirt for her husband. "Susan," said her mother, "your father and I have been talking of your going to service; for, as he says, it is not fair to keep you at home working for us all your days." "But mother," said Susan, "I'm quite content to be at home; and yet I have sometimes thought if I got a good place I might learn a good deal, and save a little out of my wages, perhaps—but do you think you can spare me?" "I shall miss you at first, Susan," said

her mother ; “ but when you are gone, Rhoda will do more than she does now ; for she is a good girl, though we blame her so often for liking play better than work. When I asked her why she did not wash the door-steps on Saturday evening, she told me that you would not think it was properly done if you didn’t do it yourself ; so perhaps it is that that makes her more idle than she ought to be.” Susan laughed, and said Rhoda could scrub as well as any girl ; adding, “ But you know, mother, I’ve always been used to do the cleaning, so somehow, I don’t like to give it up.”

A few days after this conversation, Mrs. Green heard that Lucy was going to leave the squire’s kitchen ; and as Mrs. Cooper, the rector’s wife had often told her she would help any of her girls to a place, she went to speak to that lady. The rector’s wife and the squire’s wife were intimate friends, and it was soon settled that Susan should go at Michaelmas, and be under the old housekeeper, who would help her and teach her to cook. The squire’s name was Wayland, and Mrs. Wayland was very glad to have a servant out of so respectable a family as the Green’s. Well then, at the time when it came into Roger’s head that he might as well marry and have a home of his own, Susan was three and twenty, good-looking enough to please any man who thinks a kind and sensible countenance, a brisk, active manner, and a clean, homely dress, more attractive than cheap finery. I don’t know how it happened, but somehow, from the time he had made up his mind that he should like to have a wife, and that Susan Green

was the best looking girl for a workman's wife that he had ever seen, Roger always happened to come out of church just as Susan did, and, somehow, they always had a little friendly chat with one another as they walked homewards. And one Sunday when Roger had been so silent that it made Susan feel quite uncomfortable, for she thought she really must have offended Roger—and just as they came to the stile where they usually parted, he to go across the fields to his father's cottage, and she to go home to the squire's—just there, Roger took courage, and when Susan said “Good bye,” and was going; he, instead of saying “Good bye,” said, “Stop a minute, Susan; I've something to say to you.” Whether it was that Susan at that moment, had some notion of what he was going to say, or whether she still was under any apprehension that she had given him offence, I cannot say; but whatever her thoughts were, she certainly did not seem quite so collected as usual; for the color came into her face, as she stood leaning against the stile, and she could only say, “Well! what is it?” “Susan! you and I walk home from church together every Sunday, but that is'nt all I want.....I want you to say that you'll walk with me *to church*, on a week-day, and be my wife.” “Dear me, Roger! how you talk. You don't really mean that!” said Susan, who did not exactly know either what she said, or what she meant. “Yes, I do mean it, Susan; and if you don't dislike me”—“Oh no, Roger”—“Then perhaps you'll mention what I say to your father and mother,

and if they don't object, you'll promise to marry me." "I did not say *that*, Roger; but I'll think about it. Good bye."

In the evening Susan went to her father's cottage, and soon told her parents what Roger Middleton had said to her. "I think he's an honest, good lad," said her father, "and he'll make you a good husband, and I'm sure you'll make him a good wife; so you've my consent." "And mine, too," said her mother; "for I don't believe there's a steadier young man in the parish."

All this took place about Michaelmas time, and Roger had set his heart on being married before Christmas. A cottage was soon found suitable for the young couple; and the day fixed for the wedding was the last day in October, which fell on a Saturday. "Susan," said Roger, "as he walked home with her from church as usual on the Sunday afternoon. "I'm going to speak to the clerk about publishing our banns: 'tis only three weeks, you know, before we're to be married." And the clerk was spoken to, and the banns were to be published the next Sunday.

It was Tuesday morning. Susan was busy cleaning the churn, for she had just made butter and cleared away the dairy things, when one of the farm boys came running into the back kitchen, looking very much frightened. "What's the matter, Billy?" asked Susan. "Middleton has broke his leg; he was climbing over the fence by the cow-yard, and somehow slipped and fell on the pavement; and he says his leg is broke." Poor Susan! "Who is with Roger?"

she asked. "Not Roger! 'tis the old man that's hurt," answered Billy. "I'll go and see if I can't help him," said Susan, as her color came back a little into her pale face, and off she went to see what was the matter. The poor man had indeed broken his leg, and his son and some of the other men were carrying him as carefully as they could to his own cottage. Susan went back and told her mistress what had happened, and in a few hours the poor man was lying in a clean bed, in the County Hospital.

In the evening, Roger came to tell Susan that he had left his father in the hospital—that he had seen the doctor, who told him it was not a bad case; that his father would not be able to work again for several weeks; but that he would get perfectly well in time. This was a great comfort to his wife, and to all his family, who fancied the poor man would be lame for the rest of his life. "But Roger," said Susan, looking very grave, "how is your poor mother to get along while your father is in the hospital? You won't let her go to the parish, to be sure!" "My mother go to the parish! I think my mother would rather starve than do such a thing. No; I have not forgot the command, 'Honour thy father and thy mother,'" said Roger..... "But you recollect, Susan," and there he stopped. "I know what you mean, only you don't like to say it—we must put off our marriage for a little while, and we must help your poor mother." "I will help my mother, Susan; but you must not, till you are my wife."

In a few weeks, *old* Middleton, as he was

called, though he was not yet fifty, came home from the hospital ; but it was ten weeks from the time of his accident before he could go to work again ; and, during all that time, his good son Roger allowed his mother five shillings a week out of his savings.

On New Year's Day, Roger and Susan were married, and went home to a snug little cottage of only two rooms, and a small sort of back kitchen, in which was an oven. They began life, knowing they must *make the most of things*, if they would keep above poverty, which looking up to God for a blessing on their daily work, they had a fair prospect of being able to do. They both wished that the new home they were forming should be one in which God was loved and honoured, and intended no day should pass without prayer and reading together a few verses of God's word, that they might take it "as a lamp to their feet, and a light to their path."

Here we will leave them for a while, and relate some of Lucy's adventures after she left Mrs. Wayland's service. Lucy, as we have already heard, was very pretty and smart-looking, and by no means backward ; so she used to boast that she always had a sweetheart, wherever she went. She did not consider whether they were such as were worth having ; she was not thoughtful enough for that. First, a bricklayer's apprentice was her sweetheart, but they quarrelled about some trifle, and to spite him, Lucy immediately set up a flirtation, as she called it, with an idle young man who had no regular employment, but who was often engaged with a

set of poachers that frequented the neighbourhood. He was a swaggering young fellow, fond of company and of drinking and smoking, but by no means fond of work; and this was the man Lucy was proud of having for a Sunday beau! Poor silly girl, she had not him long; for, happily for her, he was taken up one night with some of his worthless companions for stealing fowls, and marched off to the county gaol. Lucy did not trouble herself much about the matter. There could be no respect on either side, and without respect, affection does not last long. A young shoemaker who used to make shoes for the servants, when Lucy was cook at the squire's, was the next acquaintance. He was industrious and steady, but rather a weak young man. Lucy courted him, and flattered him, and laughed at his stupid jokes, till his head was turned, and he thought her the nicest girl he ever saw, and so he told her, and she pretended to be equally fond of him; and the end of all this folly was, that he asked her to marry him, and she consented, not because she really cared for him, but because she thought that when she was married she could go where she liked, and stay out as late as she pleased in the evening without any mistress interfering with her pleasure. So Lucy was married to James Elliot the shoemaker, full two years before Roger married Susan.

Lucy of course had not saved a penny—worse than that, she owed Maria, the housemaid, seven shillings. Lucy had a fashionable bonnet, a gawdy shawl, two muslin dresses, a veil and a

parasol, besides several other useless things, but she was very barely provided with shoes and stockings; and, as to a good flannel petticoat, and tidy underclothes, she had not five shillings' worth in the world. At the end of each quarter when she took her wages, off she went to the shop and spent almost all she had in ribbons, lace, flowers, and tawdry ornaments; this was a poor stock for a working-man's wife to begin with, and they soon looked very badly. However, as she knew that James had plenty of work, she thought he must have plenty of money too; so she told him she *must have* a print dress, and she *must have* an umbrella. She felt rather ashamed of her parasol; and as to her veil and her bead bracelets, she soon put them out of sight.

"I've a good deal of binding that must be done this week, Lucy; can't you do some?" asked James, one morning, a short time after they were married. "Not to-day; 'tis Hilton Fair, you know, and Jane Richards and I are going. You'll go too, won't you?" "I can't spare time—I'm all behind now; we were out so much last week—I think, Lucy, you might as well stay at home. Aint you going to make bread? We've had none but baker's loaves ever since we married, and I don't like that at all." "Nonsense, you are always bothering about the bread. Besides, if we go to the fair, we shan't want any bread in the house," said Lucy, laughing; "so, come along; the shoes will keep till to-morrow." Poor James stood shilly-shally. He knew he ought to stay at home, and

do the work he had promised to finish ; but Lucy pulled him by his curly hair, and told him that he looked so handsome that she should be quite proud of going to Hilton fair with him ; and just then Jane Richards, with her smart beau came up ; and he was afraid of being laughed at, and called a *grubbing cobbler* (his wife called him so once, when he hesitated about going to a tea-party at the public-house) ; so he put away his tools, and dressed himself in his Sunday clothes, to go to the fair.

They fell in with several parties, all going in the same direction. Hilton was a small town, six miles off. By the time they got there the two young women were rather tired ; and Lucy began joking her husband about the *gentlemen* treating the *ladies*. So, to a public-house they all went, and ordered beer, and cakes, such as were made at Hilton. After resting themselves for about an hour they went into the fair, paid to see a giant and a dwarf, then music attracted them to a dancing-booth, "entrance, only two-pence each." Here they danced, and after a little while refreshments were handed round, and the gentlemen again treated the ladies. Poor James did not feel very comfortable. He knew he could not afford to spend his money and his *time* in this manner, but he was afraid of being laughed at, and of being called mean ; so he put a good face on the matter, and danced and sung with the rest.

"Dear me ! I could not have thought it was so late," exclaimed Jane Richards, as the town clock slowly struck six. "We'd best be walking

home, I think," said James. 'Tis a longish way, and we shall not go back quite so fast as we came. Come, Lucy!" "Lor, James! what a fidget you are; the best of the fair is'nt come yet—is it, Jane?" "Oh lawk, no," replied the bold-faced Jane; I like the evening best, a deal—lots of fun then." And just as she uttered this speech, the loud drums and trumpets on the outside of a horse-rider's circus made them start. "Come along, Jim; we must see the horse-riders; they are now going to begin," said Lucy. In vain James begged her in a low voice, to come home; in vain he whispered that he had spent too much already. Lucy had had a glass of spirits and water in the dancing-booth, and she felt very merry—"very happy," she called it then. Alas! such is the happiness of the ungodly.

"We shall be very late home, Lucy," said James; "do pray come now. We can leave Tom and Jane, if they choose to stay; do come." "Go by yourself, like a little mean-spirited cobbler as you are," said Lucy. But she did not say this aloud; it was only for poor Jim's ears. "Hush! Hush! Lucy; don't talk in that way. I'll go, if you wish it so much." So in they all went to the horse-riders. "Only 6d. each," in great red letters on the hand-bill. "Where are we to sit?" asked Lucy and Jane; not seeing any seats provided. "A shilling each for the sittings, and threepence returned in liquor," replied the showman. "Let's go over to t'other side, Tom; we girls can't stand in the dirty sawdust for an hour." "Sixpence more, each, if you please,

ladies and gentlemen." said the showman; and the money was paid by James and Tom; and the party went over to that part of the circus where seats were provided, and gin and water into the bargain. The horse-riding did not begin till past seven o'clock, and it was nine when they came out of the booth, hot, tired, and covered with the dust which the horses kicked up. "I wish we were home," said Lucy; "it's beginning to rain; my bonnet will be quite spoiled;" and Lucy looked very cross. "I say, Tom; you aint going to drag along six miles in the rain, and before we've had a bit of supper, are ye?" said Jane, in a loud, half-angry voice. "No, not I. Let's go to the 'Three Jolly Ploughmen;' they draw first-rate beer there; and I vote for staying all night. What do you say, Jim?" Jim looked at Lucy, for he was afraid to speak out like a man, and say, "My wife must come home with me, rain or not." Lucy had sense enough to know that she ought not to stay out all night; but she felt very tired, and so she did what she generally did—she made excuses to herself for doing wrong. She muttered about the rain, and the dark, and said her clothes would be spoiled, and that it would cost less to sleep at the public-house than to pay for a new shawl and bonnet. So James consented—"We'll go home early to-morrow morning," whispered he to his wife, as they entered the large room of the Inn. "I promised to send Mr. Cooper's shoes home last week, and yesterday, when he passed our door he said, if I did not think it worth while to make for him, he could get them at Hilton." Here

a fiddle was heard; and Lucy, who did not care to hear what Mr. Cooper said, made no answer; but, tired as she was, started up to dance. Dancing, drinking, singing, and smoking, went on till a very late hour. One party after another dropped in from the fair, till the rooms were very hot; at length, with an aching head, Lucy went to bed. She left Tom quite drunk in the kitchen; and Jane in a not much better state. Of these young people we say no more at present, but continue to narrate how James and Lucy conducted themselves, and what were the consequences.

They did not rise early next day. They did not get home till past noon. The young man who worked for James told him that Mr. Cooper had called, and that when he heard that both he and his wife were at Hilton fair, and that they had staid out all night, and that his shoes were "*not yet quite finished*," he had said, "Tell Elliot not to trouble himself about the shoes. I shall get a pair to-day at Hilton." James was much vexed. He knew he had lost one of his best customers—one who always paid immediately, for the shoes he took for himself and for a large family of children. Lucy was very cross; said it was not her fault; called Mr. Cooper by several abusive names and ended by quarrelling with her husband. This was a bad beginning for the new-married couple. Instead of being a help-mate to James, Lucy, in twelve months' time, had brought him into great difficulties. Some of his best customers he had entirely lost. He was in debt for leather to carry on his trade

with, and the tanner was not willing to trust him much more. His wife had got into debt at the village baker's, and she had a still heavier debt at a draper's in Hilton. Her muslin dresses were worn out, and they were too thin to cut up into baby-frocks which she now wanted for her little girl. She had never earned a penny since she married. She was too fond of what she called pleasure, to think of taking in a little sewing, or even working for her husband, as she might have done. She was too lazy to go out to wash, or to clean at any of the gentlemen's houses in the village, as she often might have done when she was first married. Now she could not, and she grumbled about the trouble the poor baby gave her. The house was dirty; Lucy was cross and untidy; and poor James was unhappy. He was not an idle man, nor a man to spend his money at public-houses. Many a man has been driven to do so by the discomfort of his home; but weak as James was, he did not fall into this fatal habit. He looked more and more shabby every year. He lost his good looks; and his health, which was never very robust, now quite failed. At the end of six years, no one could have believed that the squalid, ragged-looking Mrs. Elliot, with her four dirty little children, was the smart pretty Lucy who boasted of her many sweethearts.

In the meanwhile Roger Middleton and his wife had had their trials and difficulties. Roger still worked in the same place, and Susan was a good wife to him. She had now three little ones; and the eldest, a boy, had twice been

dangerously ill. This was a great fatigue to poor Susan, who had a young baby to attend at the same time; and, whether to rich or poor, illness always brings expense with it.

However, Susan's maxim was to do the best she could, and leave the result to God. This made her cheerful when some would have grumbled at having their nights' rest broken time after time. Susan had been well brought up, and had always been taught by her mother that work is a blessing, and not a curse—that one has not time to be miserable when one is fully employed, and that it is impossible for people who spend their days in idleness to be happy. And Susan really loved work. Nobody ever saw her husband with a ragged jacket, or shirt—Nobody ever saw her with her gown frayed out all round the skirt. "Long trains ar'nt fit for my work," she used to say; and though Lucy used to laugh at her, and tell her that she looked like an old-fashioned body, she went on just the same, with her common lilac prints and her blue check apron on week-days; and a lighter lilac and a white apron for Sundays. But she did look so neat at all times, that the rector's wife used to tell her that she thought she was the best dressed woman in the parish—"because," she added, "your dress is suitable to what you have to do."

Roger joined a Benefit Club of which Mr. Wayland was treasurer; and a great advantage he found it; for, one winter he was at home twelve weeks, lame from the kick of a horse; during which time he had 8s. a week from his club. Once a year this club had a tea-party in the

school-room, to which the wives and children over ten years old were invited. This annual feast was held soon after Roger's recovery; and after listening to some sensible speeches and cheerful singing, he found confidence to speak of the blessing the club had been to him and to recommend it to others, and to give some cheerful, sound advice, from what he called his happy experience of married life. He also found it in his heart to say a word of the goodness of his Father in heaven, who had preserved his life, and given him so many blessings.

The first year after they were married Susan earned a good many shillings; and as they could live on her husband's wages, Roger told her that she might put all that she earned in the Savings' Bank. She knew by experience what a good thing it was sometimes *not* to have a shilling in one's pocket, when some temptation to buy was very strong; and what a good thing it was to have a little store in the Bank, in case of a "rainy day." So Susan, who though never bold, was not foolishly shamefaced, turned it over in her mind how she could best earn a little money, and she soon resolved to go and ask her old mistress if she could give her any sewing. Mrs. Wayland gave her shirts to make, and many articles of dress; some of her own, and some of her children's; and, as Susan sewed quickly as well as neatly, she earned a good deal of money in this way. "How you do work, Susan, like a slave; and I'm sure you need not, for you are much better off than I am," said Lucy one day, as she stepped in to try to gossip.

“Sit down, Lucy; but you won’t mind my going on with my work, for I promised to send these pinafores home to-morrow.” And Susan went on sewing as fast as she could. “Well; I would not work in that way if I was as *well off* as you are,” said Lucy again, in an envious manner. “Dear me, what a lot of books you have got too! and you’ve got a new table, I see, since you moved into this house! I can’t think how you find money for such things.” And she paused, hoping that Susan would tell her where the money was *found*. “Some of the books are ours, but most of them belong to the club that Mr. Cooper established three or four years back. Roger and I don’t mind a few pence for them.” “Well, but a few pence would not buy that table, nor yet those drawers. You are a deal more *lucky* than we are. James has been very unlucky, this last year.” “I’m sorry for that. How was it?” “Oh! he has lost the custom of all the servants at the rectory, now. When we married, he made for the rector, and the children, and all the servants; and there’s a great many, you know. First, Mr. Cooper took away his custom only because poor Jim went to Hilton fair” (Susan knew this was untrue); “and six months ago the servants took offence, and said they would have no more to say to him. And then there’s the Waylands, we’ve lost them too; and through no fault of Jim’s, but only because they’ve taken such a fancy to that stuck-up chap with the fine green board over his door—John North. I wish he’d staid at Hilton; I’m sure he was not wanted here.”

Lucy stopped; but Susan did not answer. She had heard that a steady and punctual shoemaker was wanted in the village. She had heard that James's business was almost all gone, because he had no longer the appearance of a respectable young man. Dirty, and even ragged, the servants at the rectory and at the squire's would not employ him. On a Sunday morning he had nothing decent to go to church in, so he staid at home and smoked, or lay in bed till noon. Susan went on sewing. "You must earn a *rare* lot of money, Susan, with your scraping ways," said Lucy, in a spiteful manner. "Could you lend James five shillings, only till next Monday; he wants it so very much?" "I am sorry to disoblige you, Lucy; but indeed we are not rich enough to lend money." "Oh, nonsense! I know you have money in the Bank. Jim saw you go in there the last time he was at Hilton, and I suppose you did not go to take money out, did you?" "Well, Lucy, to tell the truth, I don't think I am obliged to answer that question. I don't wish to be uneivil; but 'tis our concern, and nobody's else, what little money we have, so long as we got it by our own work." "Oh, certainly! certainly!" replied Lucy, in the mildest manner she could; but she was very angry. Just then little Ned, Susan's eldest boy, came in. "Dear me, Susan, how your children are dressed; a new frock one week, and a new cap another, you must have a great many gifts." "Yes, indeed, you are right there. I have a great many." "Ah! I always said so to Jim, when he was going on so about your house being

so neat, and your children so well dressed. We have no such gifts; so 'tis no wonder we are so poor. But Susan, who is it that gives you such a quantity of good things?" "He who gives good gifts to all; He has given us health and strength to work for one another, and for our children, and it's our duty to *make the most* of what He gives us." Lucy felt this as a reproach to herself; and, as she knew by Susan's firm, decided manner, that there was no chance of her getting any money from her, she soon left her.

But how was it that little Ned was so well dressed compared to James's children? Susan did not spend more money on her children's dress than her neighbours did on theirs; but she had the knack of turning every scrap to some account. When her husband's oldest coat was so thoroughly worn out that it could be mended no longer, she took it to pieces, cleaned it, and rolled it up carefully, as "*the pieces would do to mend with,*" she said. When little Ned wanted a cap, she made him a very nice one out of the best part of the old worn-out coat. Even Roger could not help wondering how she contrived to make a little pair of trowsers for the boy, out of a pair of his, which he said, were only fit to dress a scare-crow for the cherry-tree with. "Susan, I never saw anybody like you for *making the most of things,*" he often said to her; and Susan felt quite repaid for all her trouble, when he praised her industry.

We will now pass over a few more years. Susan has six children, and the eldest, Ned,

works at Mr. Wayland's. The eldest girl is able to help her mother, and the four younger ones still go to school for a few hours every day. Their cottage always looks clean, the garden is the pattern of neatness. Some pretty flowers there are in it, and Susan would like to have room for more, but she says she must have a good bed of onions, and a little parsley, for with them she can *make the most* of the little meat they can afford to buy. And how did Susan make the most of a little piece of meat? This was her plan:—Only one pound of beef, or mutton; "it is not much for so many! no; so we cannot afford to cook it in a wasteful manner." So Susan cut it into a few slices, and laid it into the saucepan; and cut two or three onions, and a good bunch of parsley, and put them in also; then she cut up a carrot or two, if she had them; and, lastly, covered the meat with water, but only covered it; then added a little pepper and salt. She then set it on the hob, so that slowly the mass began to boil; and so she let it boil very gently all the morning; or, at least for three or four hours. And half an hour before her husband came in to dinner, she took a handful of flour, and mixed it smooth with a little water in a basin; and then stirred it with a spoon into the stew, so that it made a nice thick gravy. And this is a good way of *making the most of* a little meat. Susan took great pains to teach her girls something of cooking; not, of course, how to make expensive dishes, but she wished they should learn how to make such food as they could afford to buy as pleasant and wholesome

as possible. She thought it a pity to see some labouring men sit down to bread and butter, with a cup of poor tea, for dinner, because their wives were either too idle, or too ignorant to prepare them a meal that would be more nourishing and as cheap. So when Roger Middleton came in to dinner, there was often waiting for him a nice fruit dumpling, or potatoe pie; or soup on a cold day, the very smell of which was warm and comfortable.

At Christmas-time both Mr. Cooper and Mr. Wayland frequently gave away either meat, or coals, or flannel and calico, to the poor families of the parish. This year, Mrs. Cooper gave each working-man on her list, a piece of calico sufficient for a shirt, and a pair of worsted stockings. A few years back, James Elliot would have been ashamed to apply for such a gift; but now that he had hardly a shirt to wear, nor a pair of stockings that had more than half a foot to them, he was glad enough when Mrs. Cooper called, and told him to come to the rectory the day after Christmas-day. "I am sorry to see you look so unwell, Elliot," said Mrs. Cooper, kindly. "Where is your wife? and where are all the children?" James colored, and looked confused. "That's our eldest boy, ma'am; he works for me now;" and he pointed to a dirty-looking boy, who was blacking a pair of newly-finished shoes. "Come and speak to the lady, Jerry." "Well, Jerry; I am glad you can help your father. Can you keep his accounts for him? I suppose not, though; but you must learn. Are you fond of reading? We have some

nice books at the rectory on purpose to lend out ; and you shall have one if you will come for it in the evening." "Can't read," said Jerry, in a slow, stupid manner. "Not read ! Why, James, you don't mean to say that your boy has not been taught to read !" "Really, ma'am, we could not afford to send the boy to school, and I had not time to teach him myself." "And your wife, could not she spare a little time, neither ? Can none of your children read ?" "No, ma'am ; to tell you the truth, none of them have been taught, I'm very sorry for it, for I know the boys, at least, cannot get on much without a little education."

Mrs. Cooper looked round the room. The furniture was scanty and dirty. The windows were broken and stuffed with rags. The stove and hearth looked as if they had not been cleaned for twelve months. "Jerry," said Mrs. Cooper, "tell me where your mother and the children are ;" for she fancied that James might not like to tell her the truth. "Mother and the children are gone to Hilton to see the Christmas shows," replied Jerry. "And why did not *you* go too, Jerry ?" "Father wanted me to work for him." "That's a good boy, Jerry. Elliot, will you spare Jerry to come to the rectory, every evening at seven o'clock, to learn to read and write ? Mr. Cooper has a class for grown-up pupils, and your boy is so big, that I think he will be more comfortable to learn with the young men, than he would with the children at school." "Thank you, ma'am, very much," said James ; "I did think of sending Jerry to the children's

evening school, this winter; but he said they'd laugh at him." "Well, James, he won't be laughed at if he comes to learn with the men; but mind, he must come regularly and punctually."

After a little pause, Mrs. Cooper told Jerry to go into the workshop; and, as soon as he was gone, she addressed Elliot. "I am sorry at what I see, James, and I am sorry at what I have just heard. It is a pity you should suffer your wife to lose her time at fairs and shows, and to take her children to such places. Jerry seems a well-disposed boy though he has been sadly neglected, but I will try and help him." "I don't wish to speak against my wife, ma'am, but she's a poor partner for a working-man. Ma'am, I never have been to a fair, nor a show, since that day when we went with Jane Richards and Tom. I only wish my wife had not!" "I have always heard, James, that you are a steady, industrious man; but who would think it, that saw your house in this state; or who saw your children all rags and dirt? Your eldest girl is now old enough to go to service; but who would take her from such a house as this is? Poor child; it is very cruel to bring her up in such a manner. Instead of making her useful at home, she is running wild with all the most idle boys and girls of the village. How can she turn out well?" "I know it all—I know it all, ma'am," said the poor shoemaker, in great distress; "but I don't know how to help it, *now*. My wife is such—such a—temper, ma'am;" and the words bolted out, as if he had kept them back as long as he could. "She masters me quite. I'd do anything

for peace and quiet." "You will not get peace nor quiet either, by doing wrong. James, think of what misery Jane Richards has brought on herself; and think what misery—what disgrace *your* girl may come to, if you do not act like a father to her. Our Heavenly Father, you know, James, will call us to give account of the way in which we train up each child He has given to our care; and we can't be living so as to please Him, while we pay no regard to the duties He has given us. A child brought up in idleness and pleasure-seeking, is far more likely to come to poverty, than one who is taught to be industrious, and to *make the most of things*. I know you love your children, James; and would wish them to grow up respectably in the world." "Aye! that I do, ma'am; but I sometimes fear we are not going the way for it," said James, sighing. "Well, James; it is not too late to mend. We must try to bring Lucy round, to take pleasure in the care of her house and children. You see, she was not well brought up when a child; but we will try to make the best of it. I trust you will soon have a happier home."

"Well, I am sure I thank you, ma'am, for your kindness; it has often seemed hard things should not go as well with me in the world, as with some of my neighbours. My life does not seem a very bright one."

"I hope it may brighten, James. I think you may do much to brighten it yourself; but I hope you will not forget that other world where all is bright—where there is no sin or sorrow; and

that to it there is only one way. Jesus Christ says, '*I am the way!*'"

Mrs. Cooper left him, and poor James thought much of what she had said. When his wife came home, he told her, in a kind way, what had happened; and asked her if she did not think they might get on a great deal better if they tried. He told her he would do his best, to be a good husband and father; and did not wish to vex her; but he could not let the children go on as they had done, for it was the way to ruin.

James had long thought with great sorrow of the bad way in which his children were brought up; but, as he said he did not know how to help it. Mrs. Cooper had stepped in exactly at the right time. With her good advice and kind manner, she had made a lasting impression on his mind; and he fully determined to exert himself to bring his family into a better state.

And what had become of Lucy's old companion Jane? It is a sad tale, but not a very uncommon one. Jane and Tom "kept company," as they called it, for some time; sometimes quarrelling, sometimes joining the brawls at the GAME-CKOCK public-house. A recruiting-party had been for some days at Hilton; and there was a ball one night at the "THREE JOLLY PLOUGHMEN." Tom went, and Jane with him. The recruiting-serjeant was very civil to Tom, and treated him repeatedly; but said nothing about enlisting. He laughed and talked with Jane too, and asked her which she would rather marry, a captain, or a clod-hopper? and Jane thought he was a very

particularly pleasant gentleman; and the end of all this was, that next morning, when Tom was neither drunk nor sober, he enlisted for a soldier, and had a shilling given him to drink the queen's health, and a great bunch of many-coloured ribbons stuck upon his hat. A short time after this, away Tom went, but not without promising Jane that he should come back very soon, and marry her; and the very pleasant serjeant told her to be easy, for he would see that Tom kept his word; and silly Jane believed him. But instead of coming back, Tom sailed with his regiment for the East Indies, and Jane never heard more of him. The poor wretched girl was soon obliged to go into Hilton Union, where she staid four or five months, and then came out with a baby in her arms. Lost to all sense of shame, she was now more bold than ever. She frequented fairs, and gained a miserable livelihood by selling cakes and ginger beer at the different shows and dancing-booths. At length, illness and death overtook her; she was carried off in the midst of her sinful life, by fever; and she left her poor child as a legacy to the Union-house in which it was born.

James and his wife had lived very unhappily together almost ever since they were married. He had always given up to her, for the sake of peace, as he said. Now he was more firm; and, though at the expense of much discomfort from Lucy's bad temper and abusive tongue, he did, in a great measure, succeed in bringing his home to a better state. At the end of a year things went better with him. The house was cleaner,

the children went to school, and looked less like heathens. The good housekeeper at the squire's, had taken the eldest girl, to see what she could make of her; and the girl had greatly improved since she was under her guidance. Poor James did not look so broken down and care-worn; and even Lucy felt the comfort of a quiet evening at home. We have reason to hope that his family, on the whole, turned out well, which they would not have done had not James roused himself before it was too late, to prevent the evil consequences of his wife's disorderly habits.

Let us now return to Roger Middleton and his excellent partner. His children had regularly attended the Sunday-school. The eldest son and daughter had become teachers. Their good home bringing-up, and the teaching they had from friends, in the Sabbath-school, had received the blessing of God. They both loved their Saviour, and tried to show their love, in their cheerful, diligent, daily life; and, when Sunday came round, they took a real pleasure in trying to teach the children of their neighbours, from the Holy Bible they themselves loved. They had long since gained their own livelihood. Five others still lived with their parents; each earning something, or doing something useful. The girls had all been taught useful sewing; and could cut out a shirt, or even a pair of trowsers. All the odds and ends of cloth, or print, or calico, were carefully saved till they could be converted into something useful. "The worst of the old cloth will make a mop," said Susan, "if it will do for nothing else." Patchwork was always at hand, for

any of the younger girls to take up when nothing else wanted to be made, or mended. Rags were kept in a large bag, to be taken from time to time, to the village shop, and there exchanged for sewing-cotton, pins, and needles; and thus, and in a hundred other ways, were Susan's children early taught "*how to make the most of things.*"

"Why, Mrs. Middleton, how did you ever find time to make that curious patchwork counterpane, with your large family to attend to?" asked Mrs. Cooper one day, when she came to pay Susan a short visit. "It must have taken you hours and hours!" "I dare say it did take a good many hours, altogether, ma'am; but it was only done by way of *using up the odds and ends of time* along with the bits of print." "Mrs. Middleton," said the rector's wife, "I do not wonder, when I see you with so many comforts about you; for you are not only industrious yourself, but you have taught all your children to be so. You have taught them to *make the most of things*; and if we all did that, there would be a vast deal less misery in the world." "People must make the most of things ma'am, if they would make ends meet," said Susan. "And it is not only those who are in your station of life, I assure you, Mrs. Middleton, who need to learn how to *make the most of things, and the best of things, too*; there's many a one who has what you would call a large income, or even great riches, brought down to poverty, just because they did not *make the most of things*. And there's many a one, in all stations of life, needlessly worried by the cares of life, because they don't

cheerfully make the best of things." "I dare say you often find little things go wrong in your well-managed house, Mrs. Middleton." "Why, yes, ma'am, that I do; but, as you say, we must make the best of things, and I have many blessings to be thankful for, though I have had my troubles." "And who has not, Mrs. Middleton? no Christian, certainly. We read of those 'who have passed through great tribulation;' and of God proving His people, and trying them. I dare say the poor often think it is they who have all the troubles, and that people who live in large houses can have but few; but I think if they could see into the hearts of those they sometimes envy, they would find that our Heavenly Father has been more equal in His gifts than they imagine. We have to give account of every talent entrusted to us; and it is not always that those who have riches use them so as to bring happiness; and you know, the Scriptures say, 'Riches make to themselves wings, and fly away.'" "Yes, ma'am," said Mrs. Middleton; "and death can enter a palace as well as a cottage. Yes, I believe, ma'am, honest working-people, with the fear of God before their eyes, are often better off than some of those above them in the world." "I think so, too, Mrs. Middleton; and we know who it is that will lend an ear to all our troubles, if we tell Him of them; and either remove them, or give us grace to bear them, as He knows is best for us."

HOUSEHOLD VERSES.

NEVER DESPAIR!



WHEN times are hard and money scarce,
And you are full of care,
There's one thing you must never do,
You never must despair.

Despair has never done one good
Or noble thing on earth;
It is no fitting guest to be
Companion of your hearth.

It makes the spirit faint and fail,
It wears the health away,
It takes all vigour from the heart,
And wastes life day by day.

It only dwells with those, who sit
And fold their hands in sorrow,
Without a prayer or thought of God,
To trust Him for the morrow.

It only dwells with those who fret,
Unmindful of the care
Of Him who rules the universe,
And feeds the birds of air.

Trust God, and take no anxious thought
“What shall we eat or drink,
Or wherewithal shall we be cloth'd?”
Have hope and humbly think.

If I serve God in word and deed
 And look to Him in trust,
 He will not leave me nor forsake,
 For GOD is true and just.

And there's a text in His own word
 That this great comfort brings—
 “Your heavenly Father knoweth you
 Have need of all these things:
 “But rather seek His kingdom first,
 And seek His righteousness,
 And He will add these other things—”
 Trust God, and trouble less.

JUDGMENT.

MEN give their judgment on our deeds in *words*;
 God in *events*. By sin and by neglect
 We break the laws of nature, and then comes
 The judgment we have reason to expect.

As drunkenness brings on disorder'd health,
 The nervous tremor, and the shaking hand,
 So surely fever, pestilence, will come
 In ill drain'd cities and in undrain'd land.

God does not merely punish, He *corrects*,
 He gives His judgment, shews us by His laws
 What follows on upon neglect and sin,
 And makes the suffering answer to the cause.

CLEARING OUT.

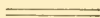
If you crowd up in close-shut rooms,
 With unclean sink and chok'd-up drain,
 Tainting the food you eat, the air you breathe,
 How can you wonder fever comes again?

THE PAINTER.

If things get worse and worse within,
And heaps of filth and rubbish lie
Fermenting, steaming at your very doors,
How can you wonder that your children die?

No doubt, the fault's not all your own ;
But strong good-will and earnest heart
Will conquer greater ills than these ;
Work, to the utmost do your part.

Work, till you've clear'd within, without,
And done your duty, done your best,
Then may you claim it as a right
Your landlord, *he* must do the rest.



THE PAINTER.

“How is it, my good friend,
In this unwholesome trade
You look so unlike all the rest?
I think you must be made

“Of other flesh and blood,
Of something much more tough,
I've often wonder'd how it is ;
This paint is poisonous stuff,

“And almost all the men
In some way die or fail,
While you from year to year go on,
And look quite fresh and hale !”

“Well, Sir, to tell the truth,
Perhaps I owe my life
To marrying, when I was young,
A little tender wife.

HOUSEHOLD VERSES.

- “ She droop’d, grew sick, and weak,
And often used to faint;
She had no appetite to eat—
’Twas all the smell of paint.
- “ And no thought ever came
Into my stupid head
Of what a little care might do,
Oh no—I only said
- “ This little wife of mine
Is everything to me,
I must give up my trade for her,
Tho’ bad work it will be.
- “ Then anxious thoughts would rise
Of poverty and care,
She seem’d too young and delicate
A troubled lot to bear.
- “ I call’d the doctor in
As he pass’d by one day,
And open’d all my heart to him,
While on the bed she lay.
- “ He said, ‘ Don’t leave your trade,
But try this simple plan,
And work it out quite thoroughly
For her sake—like a man :
- “ “ Always, however tired,
When you get home each day,
Just take off all your working clothes,
And put them right away ;
- “ “ Then wash hands, neck, and face,
And do not stint the soap,
The water hot as you can bear,
And keep up heart and hope.

THE PAINTER.

- “ And then he laughing, said,
‘ Perhaps ’twill save your life,
The having married this young thing,
This little dainty wife.’
- “ And so, from that day forth,
Tho’ years and years have sped,
And comrade after comrade fails,
And many a one is dead ;
- “ I live on well and strong,
And there’s my wife as gay,
Tho’ not so dainty or so young,
As on her wedding day.
- “ She never fail’d her part,
’Twas done with right good will;
Hot water, soap, and all were set,
And so it goes on still.
- “ She said it made no work,
The kettle *must* be boil’d;
And while I clean’d myself to eat,
She toasted and she broil’d.
- “ I laugh’d at first a bit,
And did it all for her,
But habit’s everything, you know ;
Would you believe it, Sir,
- “ Before the year was out
Tho’ tired I’d often feel,
I never, without wash and change,
Could seem to like my meal!
- “ I’ve often told the men,
But *my* words they won’t mind ;
Perhaps if *you* talk’d to them, Sir,
Some sense in yours they’d find.

HOUSEHOLD VERSES.

- “ They get in lazy ways,
The smell is so depressing ;
And put off till the Sunday comes,
This thorough wash and dressing.
- “ And then the whole week through,
It's working in their pores,
And they are breathing all night long
The sickly smell in-doors.
- “ Their wives must share it too,
And tho' they may not fail
As mine did, Sir, they often droop,
And know not why they ail.
- “ It now seems strange to me
As year by year goes by,
How painters, from sheer indolence
Lose health, and droop, and die.
-

THE TAILOR.

A poor young tailor, who had lost
His leg by accident,
Thought now, because he could not sit
Like other tailors, bent,
Cross-legg'd upon a wooden board,
That he was ruin'd quite :
How could he ever do his work,
And press and smooth it right.

He fretted and he fumed awhile,
And almost wish'd he'd died ;
Starvation sharpen'd up his wits—
He *must* work, so he tried :—

THE TAILOR.

He got a high deal table made,
At very small expense ;
The other tailors laugh'd at him ;
But he had sound good sense,
And persever'd right earnestly,
His hand he did not stay,
And sat at his high table there,
And work'd on day by day ;
And in a week, to his surprise,
He found his work advance
As well as it had done before
He met with his mischance.
And when the other men complain'd
Of pains and cramps at night,
He then began to think, perhaps
'Twas *best* to sit upright.
His work was done as well as theirs ;
And not one man in ten,
At two years' end, was hale as he !
And so it struck him then
That sitting upright did not throw
The blood upon his brain ;
For he had lost the pressure there,
The restless nervous pain :
That sitting upright gave his lungs
Their full and ready play,
He had no wearing weary pain
Upon his chest all day .
His indigestion was all gone,
He did not crave for drink,
For he ate well and heartily ;
So he began to think

HOUSEHOLD VERSES.

'Twas not *so bad* a day for him
When his poor leg was lost,
Which used to get so cramp'd and tir'd
From being always cross'd.

Now, don't you think you could persuade
Your cross-legg'd friends to try
And sit as you do, like a man,
And tell them how and why!

Tell them men's forms should be upright,
That God has made them so;
They're never meant to be cramp'd down
And curv'd into a bow.

The body is a live machine
Of wond'rous power and skill;
But it wants ease and space to do
The work it must fulfil.

And if the lungs are squeez'd too close,
The breathing is distress'd;
And if the head is bent too low,
The brain will be oppress'd.

And if the body's doubled up,
Digestion can't go right;
And many other maladies
Could doctors bring to light:

But this is quite enough to know—
The mainspring must have play,
The whole machinery must work
In its own natural way,

Or else it gets derang'd and spoilt,
Goes too quick or too slow:
And any moment it may stop
For want of room to go.

THE TAILOR.

All working-people now complain
Of their unhealthy trade,
Heads, eyes, throats, chests, are suffering—
Too true, I am afraid :

Too true, and very very sad ;
But while they thus complain,
Do they *do* all they can to put
Their work in better train ?

Do they let in fresh air and light
To their close crowded rooms,
And free their heads, eyes, throats, and chests
From bad smells, hurtful fumes ?

Do they sit easily at work
In a free natural way ?
I fear not, and the lungs can't find
The proper space to play.

All this is bad ; but if they shut
Their rooms from outward air,
There's double mischief that they get,
While they are working there.

The atmosphere the poor lungs breathe,
Is so impure and close,
They're taking in, just drop by drop,
Slow poison as a dose.

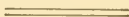
Young work-women should sit at ease,
And have their arms quite free ;
No pressure round the waist and chest,
No strain upon the knee.

With fresh air, easy clothes, and seats
Made low enough for rest,
They'd be more healthy, look less pale,
And feel much less oppress'd.

And shoemakers and tailors too,
 In these inventive days
 Might find some better mode to sit
 Than those old-fashion'd ways.

In this great nineteenth century
 It seems a barbarous thing,
 For fine strong men to sit bow'd down
 In needless suffering,

That brings on indigestion, pains,
 Sensations of distress,
 Sore miseries, temptations too,
 To sin of drunkenness.



WARM CLOTHING.

In the pleasant summer-time,
 Let us lay a little by;
 We shall want warm clothing soon,
 For the summer months will fly.

Winter comes, and comes apace,
 With its stinging pinching frost;
 Then we feel that flannel things
 Would be cheap at any cost.

Flannel things are very dear
 When they're bought in winter weather;
 Money, too, must go for coal,
 And we can't buy both together.

Let us put into the club—
 If a clothing club there be,
 And, if not, a savings' bank;
 Money's safer there, you see.

WARM CLOTHING.

It is quite impossible
Otherwise to lay it by ;
From the drawer or money-box,
Somehow it is sure to fly.

But in bank or clothing club,
There it's safe for winter use ;
For we cannot get it out
By a false or vain excuse.

Let us try in summer-time
Not to spend in showy dress ;
If we're only neat and clean,
It will cost a great deal less.

There'll be money for the club,
Money for the savings' bank ;
Better, too, our dress will look,
Suited to our place and rank.

Pennies put in week by week
Make a pretty little sum ;
Often too, as we have found,
Unexpected help will come.

Many times I've noted this,
'Tis a blessing that is sent ;
An encouragement to those
Who have *tried* and *not mis-spent*.

No one has too much to spend,
For the rich have many ways
That the poor know nothing of
In these grand improving days :

And they'd rather give their help
To the thoughtful of expense,
Than the thriftless, who don't use
Common care and common sense.

We ourselves should do the same :

Yes, I'm very sure 'tis so ;
Unawares tho' it may be,
More *respect* for such we shew.

Don't we love the busy bee,
Making store in summer hours,
Better than the wasp, who feeds
Idly on the fruits and flowers?

When we look around the world,
Can't we see, and feel, and know,
If there were no thought or plan,
Seasons would not come and go?

Let us learn from great and small,
In the ways of providence,
Forethought and economy ;
How to use our common sense.

Week by week a little care,
Day by day a little thought,
And before the winter comes,
Clothes to keep out cold are bought.

Worsted stockings, flannel coats,
Blankets for the frosty night,
Help to keep us strong and hale,
Tho' the keen east wind may bite.

Worsted stockings, flannel coats,
Round the body setting close,
Keep off sickness, cough and cold,
Keep off many a pill and dose.

Every inch of flannel then
Is a little inch of gain ;
Rheumatism is kept out,
With its weary wearing pain.

THE NEEDLEWOMAN.

Get the flannels soon enough,
Cut them large—they shrink, you know ;
Mothers, sisters, daughters, work,
Winter's coming with its snow.

Keep the little children warm
Round the stomach and the chest ;
Do the very best you can,
None do ill who do their best :

And a blessing's sure to come,
Tho' we may not see it now ;
Careful ways and careful work,
Keep the care from off the brow.

THE NEEDLEWOMAN.

A NEEDLEWOMAN, Esther Blake,
Sat stitch, stitch, stitch, for ever ;
She had her daily bread to earn,
And she was quick and clever.

But she got out of health, and dull,
And fidgetty and weary,
Pains in her back, and head, and side,
And life seem'd very dreary.

She found she could not cure herself,
And so she went to speak
To a good doctor who liv'd near :
He saw her pale and weak,

Nervous and trembling, out of health—
He made her sit and rest,
And then he told her why she felt
So ill and so oppress'd.

She must have *exercise* for health,
 And she must breathe *fresh air*.
 She said it was impossible,
 The time she could not spare.

He told her then to wash with soap,
 And to well rub her skin,
 And take a little morning walk,
 And so each day begin :

That it would circulate her blood,
 And make her pores **more** free,
 And take off all the wearing pains
 That press'd so heavily.

She ask'd if physic would not do
 Instead of all that trouble—
 He'd give no physic, take no fee :
 She'd rather have paid double.

How could she ever manage this ?
 She felt she had no power,
 'Twould only make her twice as tir'd,
 And take her full an hour.

Poor Esther Blake ! poor Esther Blake !
 The tears would scarce keep in :—
 The doctor said with quiet smile,
 " To-morrow you'll begin.

" Fresh water, yellow soap, and air,
 'Tis but a small expense ;
 Remember now, you persevere,
 And come here three months hence."

She'd rather take some doctor's stuff
 And go on her own way,
 However cheerless she might feel
 And weary thro' the day.

THE NEEDLEWOMAN.

To get up, wash, and rub, and walk,
Before the work began ;
It seem'd to her a funny cure—
But she must try the plan.

'Twas hard to get up earlier
When she woke weak and weary ;
Poor Esther ! yes, *'twas* very hard,
And life *was* very dreary.

But resolution gain'd the day,
The water was refreshing ;
She went out, and the morning air
Came to her like a blessing.

Day after day she persever'd,
And got a little stronger ;
Her washing too was quicker done,
Her walks were faster, longer.

She lik'd to feel the fresh, free air,
And see the glittering dew ;
All Nature's sights and sounds to her
Were wonderful and new :

The birds that twitter'd in the trees,
And flutter'd in the air,
The bees that buzz'd among the flowers
That blossom'd every where.

And she began to *love* the flowers ;
Their freshness and their bloom
Would brighten up and ornament
Her quiet little room.

And often as she stitch'd and stitch'd,
Those fragrant hedgerow flowers
Seem'd whispering pleasant things to her,
To wile away the hours.

And many, many thoughts of God
 They gave her thro' the day,
 She often lifted up her heart
 To praise Him and to pray.

And when at three months' end, she went
 As the good doctor told her ;
 Her cheeks were blooming as a rose,
 'Twas pleasant to behold her.

SMOKING.

- Jim.* " COME in, Tom, do sit down,
 I'm weary of my life ;
 I can't eat, sleep, or do my work—
 Hand down the pipe, good wife.
- " I know no other way
 But smoking off these worries ;
 My nerves are in a wretched state,
 The least thing plagues and flurries.
- " And then I'm worse at night,
 All over aches and pains,
 And queer sensations come and go,
 Bewildering my brains.
- " Thanks, wife, the good old pipe
 Will settle it awhile,
 And give me life to talk a bit :—
 Well, Tom, and why that smile ?"
- Tom.* " 'Twas just a passing thought,
 A doubt if she does right ;
 That pipe she's always handing down
 At morning, noon, and night.

SMOKING.

- “ I mix with other men
A good deal in my trade,
And I make use of all my wits,
(Not worth much, I’m afraid);
- “ But I’ve observed this, Jim,
That men who smoke like you,
After a time lose health and strength,
And half their senses too.
- “ It’s not so bad as drams,
And yet ’tis near of kin ;
Though smokers are more harmless folks
Than those who take to gin.
- “ Now mind me, I don’t say
Don’t smoke, Jim, but smoke *less* ;
A good thing turns to hurt and harm,
When taken to excess.
- “ I take a pipe myself
Just in a moderate way,
It rests a man, and cheers him up
When he’s *work’d hard all day*.
- “ But what you want is change,
A chat in the fresh air,
Ten minutes’ walk to stretch your legs,
Instead of smoking there.
- “ I know men get depress’d,
Who work at home this way,
From want of air and exercise,
And sameness day by day.
- “ And then we’ve all the knack
Of making bad things worse,
And turning evil, we might mend,
Into a downright curse.

- “ Yes, Jim, I’d best speak out,
 You know I mean it kind,
 You’re not one-half the man you were
 In body or in mind.
- “ And I can’t shut my eyes ;
 I see you wan and weak,
 Lazy and listless, and depress’d,
 No heart to eat or speak.
- “ And thoughts of other days
 Come back, as if in sight,
 When we two, Jim, were just a pair
 In size, as well as height.
- “ And you, the stronger one,
 More than a match for me ;
 But tables now are turn’d, old friend,
 These things ought not to be.
- “ There’s a *grand letter put
 Into ‘ *The Times*,’ I hear,
 Which tells the misery and harm
 Hard smokers have to fear.
- “ And all those pains of yours,
 And feelings of distress,
 Are signs, they say, to warn a man
 From smoking to excess.
- “ Worse comes, if they persist
 When brought to that low state ;
 Do make an effort, Jim, at once,
 Before it’s all too late !
- “ Don’t look so down—you’ll mend—
 We’ve both a deal to do,
 To get up to the pattern mark,
 That’s set for me and you.

• Letter by Sir B. O. Brodie, dated August 27th, 1860.

SMOKING.

“ I’m not a preacher, Jim ;
But when we’re cast so low,
We want a hand to help us up,
And there is One, you know.

“ Think what the Lord once did,
For us poor sinners here !
No matter what their wants might be,
He gave them words of cheer.

“ They only had to ask
For body or for soul ;
He sometimes tried their faith awhile,
But bless’d them—made them whole

“ ‘ Come unto me,’ He said,
‘ Ye weary and oppress’d’—
That’s what you are, Jim ; turn to Him,
And He ‘ will give you rest.’

“ He’ll raise you up again,
He’ll help you, day by day,
To do your duty—give you strength
To put that pipe away.

“ Cheer up ! and set to work,
And clear this smoky room ;
And by and bye you’ll find the world
Is not so full of gloom.

“ It’s work-time, I must go.”

Jim.

“ Ah, Tom ! dear Tom ! old friend !
They’re blessèd words, those words you’ve
’Tis not too late to mend. [said—

“ I’ve heard such words before ;
But, somehow, Tom, from you,
With those eyes looking into mine,
They go right through and through.”

INTEMPERANCE.

WHAT makes the strong man weak?

What gives the staggering pace,
The shaking hand, the trembling lip,
The bloated vacant face?

What brings the feebleness
Of body and of mind,
Wears down the life, and leaves no track
But misery behind?

It is intemperance,
It is the fierce desire
That craves and thirsts and burns within,
Consuming as a fire.

A man from over-toil
May die, spend strength and health;
But there's an object full in view,
Fame, usefulness, or wealth.

Not so the drunkard's course,
His health and strength are *lost*,
He has no object and no aim,
He counts no gain or cost.

He grasps at fancied joys,
They turn to pains and woes;
There is no misery so drear
As that the drunkard knows.

He cannot bear his life,
He trembles and reviles,
He drinks more deep the maddening cup,
And in his madness smiles.

TEMPERANCE.

There is no sight so sad
As death that comes through sin—
Oh! ye strong men of life and limb,
Let not the tempter in!

TEMPERANCE.

A MAN for his health's sake
Abstains from too much drink,
Or for his work's sake keeps his mind
Quiet and calm to think.

Or he abstains because
He will not run in debt,
And can't afford to have the drink
He otherwise would get.

Or he abstains perhaps
Through love of child and wife,
To keep them from distress and shame
And poverty through life.

These reasons all are good,
And keep a man from ill;
But there's a reason worthier,
A better motive still.

He *may* love temperance:
He may abstain because
He has a life-long work to do
Obedient to God's laws,
To keep his body down,
Its appetites restrain;
By spirit to subdue the flesh,
And mastery maintain.

HOUSEHOLD VERSES.

He *may hate* drunkenness,
Because it is the root
Of all uncleanness, and transforms
The man into the brute,
Leaves him as if bereft
Of reason and of soul,
Dead to all manliness of heart,
Self-help, and self-control.
Lost to the life divine,
The high and noble birth,
God in creation gave to man
To *rule* upon the earth.

HEALTH AND HOLINESS.

IN God's old covenant we ever find
Type of the new ;
The blessings there a meaning have for us,
A lesson too.
There was the promise of long life and health,
Plenty and peace,
If men obey'd God's laws ; but if they sinn'd,
Blessing would cease.
Tho' the new covenant in depth and height
Exceeds in grace,
And reaches out beyond ; yet more or less
We still may trace
That those, as 'twas of old, who turn from God,
And break His laws,
Lose health and life ; and the same root of ill
Is still the cause.

HEALTH AND HOLINESS.

If in ungodly deeds and selfish will
We seek our joys,
Sins of the body are the body's death—
All sin destroys.

It must be so—no holiness, no health,
Body and soul—
Christ always meant *both* by those blessèd words,
“Thou art made whole.”

Remember this, and ever bear in mind
That godliness
Is profitable *now*, has promise *here*
To save and bless :

And that ungodliness goes on its way
Destroying still,
Working its own dark doom of death and hell,
To curse and kill.

GOD'S TEMPLE.

WE read that God made man
Holy and blest,
In His own likeness,—of His works
The noblest, best.

But by his sin man fell,
Lost his high place ;
And then by Christ he was restor'd
Through boundless grace.

His body made God's temple,
Form'd to be
Upon a new foundation rear'd
In sanctity.

HOUSEHOLD VERSES.

Thus sav'd, redeem'd, renew'd,
Again within
This temple God's good Spirit dwells,
To conquer sin.

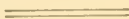
But we must use the light
That's given, with care,
To see that nothing that's unclean
Is harbour'd there.

All that is base and bad
Defilement brings,
Quenches the Spirit, and pollutes
Our holy things.

"Him that defileth, him
Will God destroy"—
Oh! let us bear at heart these words
Through all employ,

At work, abroad, at home,
Lest the pure light
Grow dim, or quench'd again by sin
Leave us in night—

Night, darker than the dark
In times of old,
Because *our* light is "*Light of Light*,"
And shines two-fold.



PARENTS AND CHILDREN.

PARENTS, your sins, neglects,
And ignorances too,
Fall on your children here, and not alone
Are visited on you.

What caus'd the lingering death
Of that poor child, who lay
Each night in the damp corner by the door?
Sure I need scarcely say.

It was your own neglect,
That foul heap left outside
To rot and steam—he breath'd the poison in,
And so the poor child died.

And sadder still than this,
Your living children learn
What by example you are teaching them,
To practise in their turn;

Lesson of carelessness,
Disorder, waste, and dirt,
And ignorance, that takes no heed or shame
Of all this harm and hurt.

And these poor little ones,
Unwash'd, unkept, untaught,
Live on their dull unprofitable life
Without one godly thought.

Can the foul smells they smell,
Can the foul sights they see,
Raise in their minds one even passing thought
Of inward purity?

They know no self-respect,
No discipline, control;
In laziness and dirt they spend their days,
The soil is on their soul.

And when from childhood's waste
Youth's uncheck'd passions rise,
What is there then but drunkenness and vice
That in their pathway lies?

HOUSEHOLD VERSES.

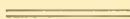
Yes, from your own neglect
Is trac'd your children's woe ;
Disease and vice soon follow on the track
Where careless footsteps go.

You must *live* decently
To keep your children pure
In soul or body—and for every ill
There is reform or cure.

GOD has made laws for men—
And if we break these laws,
We may not question at the consequence,
We must remove the cause.

We all feel some things wrong,
And know some things are right ;
Then let us manfully just set to work,
According to our light.

Help comes to earnest hearts ;
If we but work and pray,
GOD sends a blessing, help is near at hand,
Light breaks upon our way.



FLOWERS IN THE SICK ROOM.

BRING to the sick man flowers,—
Flowers that are fresh and gay,
And set them down where the light shines in,
To look glad in the sunny ray.

Bright-colour'd varied forms,
There let them glance and glow ;
The weary eyes will oft unclose,
And the smile will come and go.

FATHERS AND BOYS.

They bring back scenes gone by,
Youth and its hopeful spring;
They tell of loving-kindnesses
To the sick man suffering:

They bring him thoughts of God,
Thoughts of His love and grace,
That come like gifts of light and flowers,
To a fallen and sinful race.

In quiet on his bed
Their presence pure and calm
Is felt, inhal'd by heart and breath
As a blessing and a balm.

Bring to the sick man flowers,
Flowers that are sweet and fair,
With fragrance light as the summer breeze,
And fresh as the morning air.

FATHERS AND BOYS.

FATHERS! don't strike your boys,
Not with such brutal force!
Don't speak in rough and angry tone,
With words profane and coarse.

The blow or curse may leave
An unseen rankling ill,
And soul and body may be harm'd
Without your wish and will.

How, if you cannot rule
Your temper in their sight,
Can you expect to rule their minds,
And keep their conduct right?

'Tis not the hasty word,
 'Tis not the mere brute power
 Of your strong passion or strong arm
 Restrains them—they may cower

Beneath the threatening blow,
 In terror and dismay;
 And yet in sullen wilfulness
 Go *harden'd* on their way,—

No penitence at heart,
 No sorrow for their sin;
 Your wrath may only stir the depths
 Of what is bad within.

'Tis easier, we know,
 To flog them in a rage,
 Rather than by a stedfast rule
 To guide their thoughtless age.

And easier, we know,
 To treat all faults the same;
 But then your boys *feel that's unjust*—
 There is not equal blame :

The faults of thoughtlessness,
 Though vexing at the time,
 Should not be punish'd or condemn'd
 As wilfulness or crime.

Injustice never does
 The work of righteousness,
 And brings more trouble in the end,
 Though now it costs you less.

God says,—“Train up your child
 The way that he should go;”
 First do a father's part by him,
 And love and kindness show.

THE LIVING SACRIFICE.

It is a cruel wrong,
A wrong you can't repair,
To harden your own children's hearts,
And quench affection there.

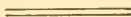
What can they think of God,
When they are told, that He
Is *as a Father*—if your rule
Be harsh severity?

Where is the loving trust?
Where is the honour due,
The honour that is God's—and yours,
If you are just and true?

Do you believe that He
Who said, "Spare not the rod,"
Spoke thus to sanction cruel wrath?
What mean those words of God?

That when the gentler means,
Precept, example, fail,
Then may a righteous chastisement
From father's hand prevail.

But guard your temper still,
That there be no mistake;
And let them see and understand,
You do it for *their* sake.



THE LIVING SACRIFICE.

WHAT shall we offer God?—
Of Him is life and health,
All that we have of blessing here,
Of talent or of wealth.

So say the true of heart,
 And give Him of their best;
 They glorify their God on earth,
 And enter into rest.

Friends, would you give to God
 Your best, your choicest wealth?
 Give Him your heart while you are young,
 Give Him your strength and health.

Wait not till you have spent
 The vigour of your day
 In the world's service, and found out
 It has no trust or stay

When age is creeping on,
 In life's grey twilight hours,
 And all you feel is weariness,
 And failing of your powers.

We read that when men took
 The blind, the sick, the lame,
 To offer God in sacrifice,
 They honour'd not His name.

The Bible tells us so :
 Then let the Christian do,
In spirit and in truth, as much
 As did of old the Jew.


Bring living sacrifice :
 Your bodies *now* present :—
 Wait not till youth has pass'd away,
 And manhood been mis-spent ;

Come, in your health and strength
 And offer all your best,
 "Your reasonable service" give ;
 Such offering will be blest.

HOUSEHOLD TROUBLES & TRIALS:

HOW TO MEET THEM.



“H! mother dear,” cried Ellen Ware,
“How close it is, and hot!
I’m always feeling such a wish
For things we haven’t got.

“There’s nothing in this dismal yard,
That we can feel or see,
To mind us of the summer-time;
No pretty flower or tree:

“Only the weary weary heat—
It makes me sick and sad
To think we *must* live as we do,
Where every thing’s so bad.

“Oh! if we could but get away
Out of this crowded place,
And feel that we could breathe fresh air,
And have a little space.

“And then at night-time—worse than all,
So crowded on the floor,
And not a window to uncloset—
Only the open door.

“No shelter when we’re getting up
To wash and say our prayers;
Big boys and girls, and all of us,
In that one room up-stairs.

“Oh! mother dear, don’t think I’m grown
Too over-nice and proud,
It isn’t *only* for the heat,
And for the noise and crowd;

“ But since I’ve been so long away
With aunt and uncle Wright,
It seems to me quite dreadful now,
To be like this at night.”

“ Poor Ellen,” the kind mother said,
“ I’ve thought upon it too—
It’s bad for all, but now I see,
It’s worst, my child, for you.

“ We’ve tried to get a larger house,
For with a weaver’s pay
We could afford it; but there’s none—
They’re going to build, they say.

HOW TO “ Meanwhile we’ll set our wits to work,
DIVIDE A Do something if we can,
ROOM. Put up a curtain, I’m quite sure
We might contrive a plan ;

“ And then you’ll have a sheltered place,
Where you may wash away,
And do what you’ve been used to do
At uncle’s every day.

“ Get out the stores your aunt has sent,
There may be something there,
If not, we’ll buy, ’tis not a case
In which to stint or spare.

“ We’ll part the room off—curtain’d, so,
It shouldn’t go too high,
To keep the air off from the door,
Which gives the chief supply.

“ A good firm string nail’d right across,
With rings to draw along ;—
Father will do it cleverly,
And fix it tight and strong.

“ I’ve thought of this since you return’d,
But hadn’t heart to speak,
For since the weather set in hot,
I’ve felt so faint and weak ;

“It may be from the erowedd room”—

“I’m sure ’tis,” Ellen said,

“For now I’m come back home again.
I wake with aching head.

“And uncle he would tell you too,

There is *another* thing

That aches, and pains, and sicknesses,
And miseries will bring—

“The *drain*—and there’s the gutter now

Chok’d up I see with dirt;

He says, besides the nastiness,
It does all kinds of hurt.

“He reads, and works out what he reads,

In such a clever way;

Both he and aunt, you never saw
Such busy folks as they.

“They’ve done a deal of good amongst

Their village neighbours there;

For uncle with his pleasant ways,
Is welcome everywhere.

“And what the gentry could not make

The labourers understand,

He goes and works at, *proves to them*,
With his strong helping hand.

“I daresay ’tis because they live

So free in the fresh air,

That aunt and uncle seem so well,
And have no weight of care.

“Oh! mother, mother, how I long

For those sweet morning hours,

To go with cousin Margaret
And tend upon the flowers.

“I dream it over in the night,

I’m with the flowers again,

And wake up—oh so different!
‘They’re all so *far* off then.’”

“ Well, Ellen, it’s no use to fret,
And want to change our lot ;
Let’s set to work and make the best
Of blessings that we’ve got.

“ We’ll plan the curtain out at once,
For then ’twill half be done ;
And Katey, when she comes from school,
Will work away like fun.

“ Then I can clear the gutter out—
It’s quite true what you said—
We’ll try to do a good day’s work
Before we go to bed.”

The gutter clear’d, the curtain made,
Put up before the night—
And down the weary heads are laid,
To rest till morning light.

With morning light the mother’s heart
Was strengthen’d in its will,
A gleam of hope was springing up
To face and conquer ill.

’Twas not the ill of poverty—
(When in full work and pay,
Father and boys earned quite enough
To put some store away).

The daily trial was the house,
Drain’d badly, close and small,
As she told Ellen, they’d no choice,
’Twas this or none at all.

And yet she felt with all her love,
With all her household care,
That many things were left undone
That might be alter’d there.

But now the mother’s heart was stirr’d
By Ellen’s wistful face,
She rose up with an earnest will,
And a strong prayer for grace.

She felt she needed help in all
 She set her hand to do,
 For want of energy was her
 Besetting sin, she knew.

She'd often striv'n, she'd conquer now;
 When all was put to rights,
 She'd set her wits to work to make
 The chamber cool at nights.

There was no chimney in the room
 To let in air that way,
 And not a window would uncloze
 To freshen it by day.

"Oh! Ellen," suddenly she cried,
 "There is a little book
 The lady left the other day,
 Just get it, and we'll look.

HOW TO
 AIR A
 ROOM.
 "I'm sure it told some easy way,
 I didn't read it through,
 Yes, here, they call it *ventilate*,
 It tells us what to do.

"To let *good air* keep coming in,
 And *bad air* going out;
 See, child, they say 'tis *poison* else,
 And it's all true, no doubt.

"And that explains why we wake up
 So weary and so weak,
 And haven't heart at breakfast time
 Hardly to eat or speak.

"We'll try to do what's written here,
 But I'm not sure we can;
 If not, I know when father comes
 He'll carry out the plan."

"*Large gimlet*"—yes, we've got one here;
 That's right; and now, let's see—
 "*Upon the upper window frame,*"
 They say the holes should be

*"The holes bored from the inner side,
To slant just downwards," so,*

"Not up to let the rain run in."

That's clever! yes, I know.

It is not hard to understand ;

Read on ; what's next to do ?

*"Never quite shut the chamber door,
And other holes bore through*

*"The other window-frames downstairs,
To act as channels there,
For letting in fresh wind to rise,
And drive out the bad air.*

*"And lest the wind should blow too strong,
A few rough pegs of wood
Should be prepared, to stop some holes
At pleasure."—Yes, that's good ;*

*"A round hole, half an inch across,
Or rather more, for ONE !"*

We're seven—so for all of us,

'Tis seven must be done.

This gimlet won't make half-inch holes !

'Tis difficult, you see ;

But father, he must reckon up

How many holes 'twill be.



And father understood it well,

And did it all quite right ;

He made the holes the proper size,

And finished it that night.

So, by degrees, within, without,

Things got in better train ;

Father and boys help'd after work

To clear the chok'd-up drain.

And now the mother does her best,

Whatever neighbours say,

To keep all wholesome as she can,

And decent, day by day.

And here and there another tries,
And helps to clean the yard,
While many lazily decide
It really is too hard.

ELLEN'S TEMPTATION.

One day, when Ellen was sent out
Some garden stuff to buy,
Had paid her pence for greens and herbs,
Well pleased with her supply ;
She turned a corner quickly round,
And saw a flower in pot ;
Oh ! how she longed to take it up !
She never has forgot.

It was a little tender plant,
And there it drooping lay,
Neglected in the heat and dust,
That busy market day.

It was the one she lov'd the best
Of cousin Margaret's flowers ;
It 'minded her of happy days,
And pleasant morning hours.

" They do not care for it," she said,
" And yet the very sight
Is joy to me ; if 't was but mine,
I should be happy quite ! "

A thought came like a whispered word,
" Take it—they will not see."

She paused : again the tempting thought :
No, it must never be.

And Ellen turned in frightened haste—
It is not for the flower
She's grieving, as she hurries on ;
She'd felt temptation's power.

She was amazed and terrified,
Tho' she'd resisted sin ;
She'd learnt its danger from without,
Its danger from within.

'Tis night—the others are in bed,
She calls her mother near,
She tells her of the thought she'd had,
With many a falling tear.

“ Oh ! mother, now I understand
What hungry children feel ;
How *they* are *tried*, and so much more,
When starving for a meal.

“ How they *resist* temptation's power,
As, lingering they stand,
Looking and longing, eager-eyed,
Yet never lift a hand.”

“ Yes, Ellen, 'tis a thought for us,
We know not—cannot know,
The strength, forbearance, honesty,
Those hungry children show.”

And, surely, we may feel that God
Will give them by and bye,
Ten, thirty, and a hundred-fold,
And all their wants supply.

He sees the nobleness of heart
In a *poor honest* child,
Tho' on that tempted little one
No passer-by has smiled.

MRS. GRAY'S VISIT.

“ How Katey's little fingers work !
And what is she about
With all those bits of tumbled rag ?
I'm sure I can't make out ! ”

“ Come in to-morrow and you'll see,”
Said merry little Kate.

“ Yes, come and have a cup of tea,”
Said mother—“ don't be late.”

At tea time in came Mrs. Gray—
“ Well, here I am—let's see—
What, Katey, all that large bright square
Of patch-work ! deeree me !

“ Who’d ever think such little hands
So cleverly could sew !
You’ve been *well taught* and *cared to learn*,
Or ’t wouldn’t be, you know.

“ Oh ! Katey, what a wife you’ll make,
Some ten years hence, perhaps !
You’ll mend so neatly, none will see
The signs of holes and gaps.

“ You’ll not be like the Catherine,
Who’s married Charley Blake ;
And a kind creature, too, she is,
And a good wife would make ;

“ But she *can’t work*—he’s never got
A tidy shirt—poor soul !
She tries to mend, but all rips out,
Or tears a larger hole.

“ She’s not a notion how to use
Her needle ; you should see
The stockings, how she sews them up ;
For one hole she makes three.

“ And cutting out a shift or shirt
She’s no thought what to do !
So, much too quick the money goes,
She’s always buying new.

“ What ’t *will* be, I don’t dare to think—
Her baby-clothes all bought !
It can’t go on at this rate long.
Girls should be better taught,

“ Not only how to hem and sew,
To gather, stitch, and fell,
But how to mend, and how to make,
And how to *cut out* well,

“ And how to darn the stockings too,
To make them last the longer,
The stitch in time that saves the nine,
And makes the thin place stronger ;

- “ And how to put shirt buttons on,
Well fasten'd with good cotton,
And see they fit the button-holes;
This should not be forgotten.
- “ More trouble between man and wife
Such failures often bring,
Than real affliction, heavy loss,
Or keenest suffering.
- “ Great trials men will bravely bear,
But small ones fret and teaze,
And ready thought, and ready hand,
Will ward them off with ease.
- “ All working-men want working wives,
And children, working mothers,
It isn't fair to girls themselves,
It isn't fair to others,
- “ To leave them in such ignorance;
Full twice as much in clothes
They spend, and *must* spend—and they lose
The pleasure Katey knows.”
- “ Yes,” thoughtfully, the mother said,
“ Work is a woman's pleasure;
In many an anxious weary hour
My needle's been a treasure.
- “ And Katey's got such dapper hands,
And what is better still,
An active mind, a loving heart,
And a quick ready will.
- “ You should have seen how hard she work'd
Three months, perhaps ago,
To set to-rights the winter things;
For laying by, you know.”
- “ Oh! that's why all your cloaks and gowns
Come out and look like new.
How do you manage, Mrs. Ware?
What is it that you do?” -

“Unrip the gathers, mend, shake, brush,
Fold, press them smooth and neat,
Then wrap, and *sew them closely up*
In a clean half-worn sheet;

“That keeps them safest from the moth.
How well I mind that spring,
Five years ago, when they began
The District Visiting;

“The lady who came here was kind,
And she was clever too,
And took delight in helping us,
And teaching all she knew.

“It was not only tracts and clubs,
And gathering the pence;
She taught us in our daily life
To use our common sense;

“To meet our trials with a trust
Of guidance from above,
And, from the Bibles that we bought,
To learn our Father’s love.

“Since I’m grown weak, ’tis harder now
To bear things as I ought,
But I’ve kept up the useful things
In household ways she taught.

“We’ve saved by management in dress,
From following her rule;
She taught me such contrivances
As girls can’t learn at school;

“And show’d me things in cookery
I never knew before,
In having comfortable meals,
And yet not spending more.”

“But don’t you really spend much more,”
Said little Mrs. Gray,

“In living, as I know you do,
With hot meals every day?”

“ Oh no ! it does not cost us more,
But it is much more trouble ;
And that's the stumbling-block with me,
The work is almost double.

“ It isn't dearer—hungry boys
Must have enough to eat,
Or else they overgrow their strength ;
They want a little meat.

“ A good warm dinner between work,
Is nourishing and nice ;
Meat stew'd with vegetables, herbs,
Or thicken'd well with rice.

“ They eat more when 'tis hard dry food,
And then they have their beer ;
But they don't want it when they get
Good comfortable cheer.

“ And father does enjoy to sit
And see his children's faces
All round the table, cosily,
At meal-time in their places.”

“ But vegetables are so dear,
And meat's expensive too.
Oh ! dearee me,” cried Mrs. Gray,
“ I'm sure 'twould never do.

“ I'll be a good wife where I can,
In washing, making, mending,
In keeping a nice tidy house,
And never over-spending.

“ I buy meat once a week, no more,
And then we go without ;
A shoulder, sometimes neck, or loin,
’Tis so I change about.”

“ Ah ! joints *are* dear,” said Mrs. Ware,
“ Meat is expensive ; so
I buy a breast, or bits of neck,
For them the price is low.

“ I always take care that it’s good,
As well as fresh and sweet,
It’s worse than bad economy
To buy unwholesome meat.

“ And odds and ends of beef are sold
Which make a famous stew,
The bones, and bits of fat, come in
For soup and puddings too ;

“ And vegetables are not dear,
If you know when to buy ;
Go *late* to market, and you’ll get
A cheap and good supply.

“ *New bread* I set my face against,
’Tis bad in every way,
Unwholesome and extravagant”—
“ Oh dear ! ” cried Mrs. Gray,

“ Why that’s the thing I always get,
And eat it nice and hot ;
Perhaps it is extravagant,
I know we eat a lot.”

While chatting on in friendly way,
A knock came at the door,
And such a parcel ! boots and shoes,
A dozen pair or more.

“ These great thick boots for summer-time ! ”
Said little Mrs. Gray.

“ Oh ! no, they’re not for summer-time,
They’ll all be put away ;

“ That closet has a row of pegs
To hang them up inside,
They wear much longer, keep out wet,
When season’d and well dried.

“ We’ve done it for the last few years,
And bills are easier paid
In summer time, and then they hang
For winter ready made.

“ Do try the plan, you’ll be surpris’d
To find how long they last ;
You see the children’s are made large
Because they grow so fast.

“ ’Twas uncle Harry taught us this,
He’s such a famous man ;
He’s always learning something new,
And works out what he can.

“ He’s clever and industrious,
Has been so all through life ;
They say he’s got a pattern home,
And got a pattern wife :

“ And such a family they have
Of rosy girls and boys,
With merry voices ringing out,
And making such a noise.

“ It wouldn’t do in this close yard,
Or this small house all day ;
But then they’re in the open fields
At work time or at play.”

“ Oh yes, it’s all so different there,”
Said Ellen, with a sigh ;

“ If they were forc’d to live down here,
I really think they’d die.

“ I wish poor brothers had a chance
Of such nice games of play ;
But, Ellen, we are happy here,
Tho’ in a different way,”

Cried Katey, with a merry laugh,
“ I’m sure we’ve lots of fun ;
And Ned and Jack are cleverer
For all the work they’ve done.

“ A country life’s all very well,
And may be pleasantest,
But futher often says, you know,
A weaver’s trade is best.

“I don’t think cousins have such books,
Or such a school as ours ;
Tho’ they may have good games of play,
And loads of pretty flowers.”

The mother laugh’d, and Mrs. Gray
Cried, “Well done, Kate, that’s right ;
We town-folk have our pleasures too,
And I’m contented quite.

“And after all its mostly mind
And temper that’s to blame ;
When people will be discontent,
Home’s pretty much the same.”



WINTER-TIME.

The summer pass’d—but summer-time
In city yard is not
Like summer-time on village green ;
The air gets close and hot.

There had been fever near at hand ;
And with a vigorous arm,
Father and mother cleared and clean’d
To ward off hurt and harm ;

And pray’d a blessing might be sent
Upon each strong endeavour ;
Striving their duty well to do,
And striving, hoping ever.

They followed out the rules they learnt
Of currents of fresh air,
And kept their children wash’d and clean,
And gave them wholesome fare.

The fever did not touch their house ;
But Ellen seemed to ail,
Tho’ nothing of disease was found
To make her droop and fail ;

And so they settled she should try
To get a country place,
That fresh pure autumn winds might blow
A bloom into her face.

Her aunt and uncle look'd about,
And very soon they heard
The doctor's wife would want a girl,
And by a timely word

They readily the place secur'd ;
And, tho' the tears were starting,
A pleasant prospect smil'd beyond,
To cheer her at the parting.

How Ellen prosper'd where she went,
And how she work'd her way
In her new life and country home,
We'll tell another day.

November fogs are setting in,
The days are chill and drear,
But one house in our city yard
Looks bright with home-like cheer.

Around the fire they cluster now,
And Kate and mother sew ;
Upon the hob a kettle sings,
A saucepan simmers slow.

The father, listening to their chat,
Rests in his elbow chair,
Till presently the paper comes,
Which he and neighbours share.

And all are cheerful : mother finds
Employment for the boys,
Sometimes in mending furniture,
Sometimes in making toys

For little sister—there she sits
Down at her father's feet,
And watches them contentedly,
With eyes serene and sweet.

She's pet and darling of the house;
Not five years old till spring;
And a spoilt child, perhaps you think—
But it is no such thing;

For she's so *loving* while she's lov'd,
It makes her good and true,
And keeps her from all selfishness;
And she's obedient too.

So little Emmy is not spoilt,
Though petted and caress'd;
And then she is the *little one*,
The one that *rules the rest*.

With her sweet face and smiling eyes,
Her voice of silver tone,
She sits upon her little stool,
As queen upon her throne.

All hang upon her baby will,
She holds a loving sway,
And brothers are her willing slaves
In helping at her play.

They tell her when a woman grown,
They'll weave her such a gown,
She'll be the wonder of the world,
The beauty of the town!

And little Emmy laughs aloud,
And climbs her father's knee,
And rests her head upon his breast
Smiling and lovingly.

And by and bye the little hymn,
The prayer, the good-night spoken
In childhood's peacefulness and trust;
She sleeps the sleep unbroken.

After the pleasant supper tea,
“*The British Workman*” read;
Or pretty school book for a change,
Before they go to bed.

Then father takes the Bible down,
With quiet reverent look,
And reads a chapter to them all
Out of the Holy Book ;

And quietly they all attend,
And then they kneel in prayer ;
They think of Ellen as they kneel,
And Ellen's heart is there.

So evenings, happy evenings pass—
For, though it may be hard,
Yet happy, kindly, Christian folk,
May live in city yard.

Time passes on, and Christmas comes,
With joyfulness and mirth,
When music, feasting, merriment
Are sounding thro' the earth ;

And when a higher happiness,
A holier joy is found
Within the thankful Christian heart,
Than the gay mirthful sound.

But Christmas passes—new year comes,
And with it tidings sad ;
The weavers suffer specially,
Trade fails, and times are bad,

And Richard Ware and his good wife
Are stricken to the heart ;
In poverty and anxious care
They see their child depart ;

Their little one, their lovely one,
Their child of four years old,
Who on their hearts a clinging clasp
Of tenderness had hold.

She pined and sickened, and she died,
And Ellen came to see
The sweet fair face, so beautiful
In death's tranquillity.

Oh what a pang! so soon, so soon,
To lay the dear one low;
To-morrow—not to-morrow—yes,
Yes, *here* it must be so.

In the close yard, the crowded room,
Feelings must be repress'd;
The loving spirit has gone forth,
The grave now claims the rest.

Two days ago, the mother's arms
Were circling fondly round,
And "Hold me closer, mammy dear,"
Was the soft murmur'd sound.

Two days ago, the little hymn
Was whisper'd, and the prayer;
Then looking in her mother's eyes,
She saw the tear-drops there.

"Not cry, for Emmy's going to sleep,"
The sweet lips faintly said;
"Pain *all gone* now, and, mammy, say"—
(Then heavy droop'd the head)—

"Say *that*...the pretty verse again
About the little child
That Jesus took...up...in his arms"—
And tremblingly she smiled.

Then closed the eyes, the voice was hush'd,
But a soft quivering light
Play'd sweetly on the parted lips,
And then it faded quite.

The sleep, the peaceful sleep *was come*—
Safe on the sheltering breast
Of Him, who gathers children there,
Was found the perfect rest.

Now Richard Ware has drawn the last
Of all his little store;
The doctor and the funeral paid,
He found he had no more.

So, with an honest manly grace,
He sought for parish aid;
'T was not from any fault of his
That this demand was made:

Except, that in his early days,
From want of prudent thought,
He had not join'd in any club,
As now he felt he ought.

For when he tried in later years,
They could not take him in,
For he was past the proper age
That's fix'd on to begin.

'T was bad for all—but worst for boys,
No work, and little food;
They wander'd out with idle lads,
And learnt ways rough and rude.

No little sister on the hearth,
No cheerful fire and chat,
One glimmering candle for them all,
And Katey close to that.

Her nimble fingers faster work,
She has no time to spare,
And even this makes brothers cross
While they sit moping there.

How well those winter clothes came in
That had been stor'd away;
The boots, too, that in summer-time
So puzzled Mrs. Gray.

For all the money now must go
To keep up fire and food;
Yet cold and hunger still creep in,
And anxious thoughts intrude.

Poor father tries, and tries in vain,
With patient trusting heart,
In any way, by honest means,
To work and bear his part.

But Katey, she can still go on,
 She's darning, patching, mending;
 Her small hands smarting with the cold,
 Her hard work never ending.

F'or now she's *earning* all she can,
 And wishing it were more,
 As pence drop in, in scanty pay,
 To help the weekly store.

And mother, with her heart's sore grief,
 Is striving day by day
 To make the meagre fare hold out,
 In many a skilful way.

The cheapest, meanest, coarsest food,
 She serves up neat and nice;
 'Tis wonderful how much she does
 With peas, and bones, and rice.

The porridge breakfasts warm'd them well,
 The kettle broth at night,
 And still the grace, devoutly said,
 Told that the heart was right.

Through all, they kept God's holy day,
 And, clean and neatly dress'd,
 They sought His house, and heard His word,
 And found His promis'd rest.

KATEY'S HOPES.

One evening—"Yes," cries little Kate,
 "Yes, Jack, 'the good time's coming;'
 Perhaps you didn't think 't was *that*,
 The tune that you were humming.

"The good time's coming—it must be,
 The world's redeem'd, you know;
 I can't tell any more than that,
 It does seem coming slow;

"But the Lord Jesus came down here,
 And with His blood redeem'd,
 Bought back, the poor lost sinful world,
 All worthless as it seem'd.

“ He look’d upon its misery,
Its wretchedness, its strife,
And thought ’twas good enough to save,
And sav’d it with His life.

“ And so it’s His—that’s why I know
The good time’s coming, Jack ;
He’d never give it up again,
Now He has bought it back.”

So little Katey reason’d on,
And brother Jack, he heard,
With wonder at her sparkling eye,
And at her earnest word.

“ Yes, yes,” she said, “ I have a hope,
And it’s like light within,
That by and bye we shall be free
Of misery and sin.

“ If ’twas not so, I shouldn’t have
The heart to work so hard,
And feel so happy as I do—
Yes—*now*, in this dull yard.

“ The promises I’ve learnt at school
Come back into my mind ;
And when the good time comes, dear Jack,
What matter what’s behind ?

“ Cheer up, come sit down close by me,
And share my light and work ;
I don’t see, while I’m fagging here,
Why you should mope and shirk.

“ Why don’t you cut out boats and toys,
Come, Jack, and earn a penny ?
The children like them—they would sell,
And you could make so many.

“ You’d think of little sister too ;
I’m sure that thought must be
A thought, Jack, fit to do you good ;
I know it’s good for me.

- " *Her* good time's come—it isn't *that*
The good time that I mean,
She's gone to heaven, she didn't want
A good time here between.
- " It mayn't come here in time for us—
Don't wish to have *her* back—
Perhaps it's all my fancy too,
About this good time, Jack.
- " I wish 'twas come for father's sake ;
See how he's sleeping there ;
He's out of trouble for a time,
But he's worn down with care.
- " Perhaps our talk's been mixing in
With dreams ; he's smiling, look ;
I'm sure his face of patient trust
Should teach us like a book.
- " Where's Ned gone ? oh ! I'm so afraid
He's getting in bad ways ;
There's such a ' don't care ' in his look,
I've seen it many days."
- " Oh, Kitty ! nothing 'scapes your eyes :
There's not much harm in Ned ;
He can't bear dulness—that's the thing,
This dreary time till bed.
- " And 'tis hard, I can tell you, too,
For us great louting boys ;
'Twas different with Emmy here,
And carving little toys.
- " And Ned's so fond of work like that ;
If he had some to do,
I'll answer for it he'd stay in,
And be contented too.
- " But wouldn't mother grieve and fret,
And think we didn't care,
If we sat carving just the same
In our old places there ?

“ ’T would ’mind her so of Emily.
But if you’ll put that straight,
We’ll set to work, I promise you ;
I’ll look him up—’tis late.”

When the two boys come in, they saw
Wood, knives, and candles ready,
And Katey, with a pleasant smile,
Said, “ All right, brother Neddy.”

And boats and funny toys were made,
And bought, for Katey sold them,
And many a one for love of her,
But *that* she never told them.

And soon they got up quite a trade ;
But what sold best of any
Were pegs and plugs that brewers use,
And hundreds they sold—many.

The hard times pass’d—the weavers’ hands
Again found full employ ;
The parents smil’d in thankfulness,
To see their children’s joy.

They struggled on, were free of debt ;
They’d trusted God thro’ all ;
And those who *really* trust Him, find
He answers to their call.

With spring-time, when the leaves and flowers
Made earth look fair and gay,
The heavy hand was lifted up,
The tear was wiped away.

The thought of their sweet little one
Was treasur’d in their breast ;
Her life’s short trial crown’d with joy,
In love’s eternal rest.

With spring-time, too, when days were long,
And when the sun was bright,
There came quite unexpectedly
A very cheering sight :

For, smiling at the open door,
When mother rais'd her eyes,
Was Ellen, and a cry of joy -
Told Katie's glad surprise.

'The same, yet changed—more womanly,
With bloom upon her cheek ;
'The mother's kiss told happiness—
She had not words to speak.

Neat, trim, and tidy, there she stood,
No finery of dress,
But simple, modest, servant-like,
And pretty, not the less.

No hoop to swing and knock about ;
The firm and well-starch'd skirt,
Set well, and just was short enough
To clear the dust and dirt.

And round her pleasant cheerful face,
No artificials shone ;
The neat white frill, the well-brush'd hair,
Had beauty of its own.

A pleasant sight to anyone
Was Ellen, standing there,
And soon she's seated full in talk,
Beside her mother's chair.

She had a good account to give
Of her new home and life,
No miserable foolish tales
Of meannesses or strife.

No talk of what a life she led,
How she was put about,
And how her mistress was so hard,
And never let her out.

She'd been obedient, tried to please,
And do her duty well ;
She'd many a pleasant memory,
And cheerful hope to tell.

Her master's kindness to the sick,
Her mistress's good care,
And all the clever, useful things
She'd learnt by being there.

"And you are better, dear, and strong,"
The anxious mother said,
And you don't have that faintiness,
Or bad pain in your head?"

"No, mother, I am quite well now;
The change of food at first
Just made me feel a little ill,
But I was kindly nurs'd.

"We never liv'd so poor as some,
Dear mother, thanks to you;
But yet, 'twas very different there,
More different than I knew.

"Those daily joints of butcher's meat;
And that good-natur'd cook,
Who thought the more she made me eat,
The better I should look.

"But master—(mother, you should know,
He's the best doctor round)—
Talk'd to me, and explain'd it all,
And said 'twas often found

"The change to different air would give
More appetite to eat;
And girls at home have not been us'd
To so much solid meat.

"I ate less meat and soon got well;
But I've been very sad
About you since, and long'd to help
When times became so bad."

Her mother told her not to grieve,
The trying time was past:

"And there's a prospect of a house
For us to get, at last.

- “ But now it hardly seems worth while,
Dear Emmy gone, and you : ”—
- “ Don’t say so, mother, ’t would be wrong
To go on as you do,
- “ Now that they’re growing up so fast,
And all in work again ;
And I’ve brought something that will help,
My wages—two pound ten !
- “ I’ve had the gift of many things,
And I can quite spare this,
To start you for a month or two—
Just give me one dear kiss.”
-

’T was settled to her great delight,
Before she went away,
She’d come with uncle for a treat,
Only to spend the day.

But there had been a promise made
To spend a whole week soon ;
Her mistress told her it should be
About the first of June.

UNCLE
HARRY
AND
KATE.

When uncle came, the rest were out,
And, laying down his hat,
“ The very thing I wanted, child,
Now, Katey, for a chat.”

And then he told how much they wish’d,
That he should take her back ;
They thought her place could be supplied
By handy brother Jack.

’T would do him good to be of use,
And do her good to go ;
“ And I’m quite sure,” he smiling said,
“ That mother won’t say, no.

“ See how you like a country life,
And who knows by and bye,
But we may get a place for you
Like Ellen’s, if we try ? ”

“ Oh no, indeed, I can't go back,
Don't speak about it yet ;
Just now it's such a busy time,
And, uncle, you forget,
“ It is not *boys* can do the work,
'Tis *girls* who help their mothers ;
And only think how dull 't would be
Without me, here, for brothers.

“ And as to going to a place—
'Tis *I* who make and mend,
And earn some money by my work,
And save much more than spend.

“ I turn all kinds of things to use ;
Look here ! these ends of thread,
Instead of littering on the floor,
They're kept, and every shred

“ Of odds and ends I ravel out—
The bag is nearly full ;
'T will make a pillow by and bye,
And be as soft as wool.”

Now uncle laugh'd out merrily ;
“ Why sure the girl's a witch !
Oh no, I see you can't be spar'd ;
It *must* be stitch, stitch, stitch.

“ But don't be sitting still all day
To save your ends of threads ;
Just stir about and scrub the floors,
And well shake up the beds.

“ You mustn't let those ready hands,
And those bright little eyes,
Wear out the body's health and strength
For want of exercise.

“ And get a walk, too, when you can,
But mind ye, little Kate,
Walk steady, and go straight along,
And don't be out too late.

- “ I notic’d near the new house, Kate,
 There’s a nice fountain set,
So water will be plentiful,
 And close at hand to get.
- “ Have a good wash, child, getting up,
 To make you fresh and strong,
And that will be another help
 ’Gainst sitting still too long.
- “ And how about the learning, Kate ?
 Not much of that, I fear ;
All needlework, no time for books,
 From what I see and hear.”
- “ Oh yes, there’s time for learning too,
 I learn my lessons still ;
Go once a-day to week-day school,
 Now mother is not ill.
- “ I never miss’d the Sunday school—
 And oh ! the teaching there
Was help and comfort through our time
 Of sorrow and of care.
- “ How kind, how good poor mother was,
 In all her grief and woe !
I’ll never leave her—two are gone,
 And I *ought not* to go.”
- “ And did I laugh at little Kate,
 For all her ends of thread,
And stitch, stitch, stitch—God bless thee, child,
 Then uncle Harry said.
- “ And so He will ; the dutiful,
 The loving-hearted child
Is always bless’d, and thou wilt be ; ”
 And tenderly he smil’d.
-

Mother and Ellen soon came back,
 They’d been to Mrs. Gray ;
Their pleasant words and cheerful looks
 Told of a happy day.

And then the boys came running in,
And father followed fast ;
The hearty meal, the merry talk,
And parting came at last.

While Ellen has a few more words
With mother and with Kate,
The others, standing at the door,
Are chatting as they wait.

The new house is discuss'd again,
Uncle approves it quite ;
“ Well drain'd,” said he, “ the water good,
And on a healthy site.

“ The bed-room windows open well—
(You see I've look'd it through) ;
In one room there's a fire-place—
A great advantage too.

“ In sickness or in health 'tis good—
I've heard the doctors say,
In towns, the purest air you get,
Is what comes down that way ;

“ It's from a higher atmosphere,
Above the steaming drains,
And all the heavy heated fumes,
A close-cramm'd town contains.

“ Well, Richard, joy and health to you !
I think you'll prosper there,
Because, through all the trying time,
You trusted in God's care.

“ And then, whatever comes, must bring
A blessing from above :
Remember, boys, and follow on
In the same trust and love.”

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